

School Committee.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Local Matters.

s. M. A. Babcock of Phenix addressed two meetings at the Trilley avenue-chapel on Thursday in the interest of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The audiences were large.

Police Commissioner Frederick B. Geshall is able to be out after his tea.

Block Island.
members of the First Baptist
and Congregation will tender a
to Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Roberts
Thursday evening at the Highland

The Senate has passed a bill granting pension of \$12 a month to George W. ... of this city, a veteran of the Mex-
War.

light change in music text books approved by the board. The abolishing of the Parish School depended on recommendation of a committee appointed to consider the matter. It was voted to pay Mr. [REDACTED] for his services in taking the census and to pay Mr. Sherman as his work is satisfactory to the board. The question of

—George W. Locke.

Mary Booth of the MERCURY
who has been ill for several days,
to be out.

HESPER

...BY...

HAMLIN GARLAND

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CHAPTER IV.

ANN had been absorbed in a study of the cowboys. In her own walk of life even the basest of men approached her clad in linen and broadcloth—sleek beasts—with civility; but here were males whose lean jaws clamped upon food with the eager haste of wolves, men primitive as Picts, with less of law than Zulus. They were not outlaws from society, for they had never known society. They were desperadoes for diversion.

Raymond's motive in thrusting them out appeared more and more a deed to win applause. It lowered him, made him less admirable in every way, and when he spoke to her she withdrew into herself with a glance which chilled and depressed him.

"Of course his character is of no consequence to me," she thought, "except in so far as he is likely to influence Louis." The situation suddenly lost its spirit of comedy and took on a very serious cast. The plan of leaving a sensitive, poetic boy to the company and influence of men like these became questionable, even dangerous. Baker was a foolish and stupid person, and these rough riders troubled her; but Raymond, to whom the boy's eyes already turned with fervent admiration, was more corrupting still, for whatever weaknesses he might have would surely come to be active and vital forces in debasing others. The whole design, in the light of this encounter, assumed the face of folly.

The powerful young rancher, a mixture of barbarism and culture, egotism and pride as a mountain lion might have done. His action could not be foretold, and she was amazed to find herself carried entirely outside herself, shaken and disoriented. As he set to work to put the table in order, silent and sullen as before, she watched him from her corner with intent gaze. "How deeply can I trust him?" she asked herself. "Don't admire him, and be certain he is a man of intelligence."

Louis, who had gone to see the sunset, called to her excitedly, and as she stepped outside the door she, too, caught her breath in wonder and admiration.

She turned to the dim purple range, crumpled into ridges and slashed with deep valleys. "They may be alluring to you, huddle, but they scare me—a little. Well, perhaps you'll be able to go and see what they are like by and by, when you are stronger."

"Perhaps Rob will take me. I would not be afraid of anything with him. He's a splendid type. Don't you think so?"

Ann smiled, but answered doubtfully. "He seems a fine, resolute fellow." Her sisterly anxiety reappeared. "But I don't like to leave you here. Huddle. These men, the best of them, seem rough and reckless. I think you'd better go back with me—really I do."

"Oh, no! I'm all right here, sis. Rob will look after me. It's just what I need."

"Maybe it is for the best, but I have a feeling that something is going to happen to you. I don't like to go back without you. I'll stay on a day or two longer anyhow. I want to find out more about conditions here. I have a queer feeling at my heart. I don't want to leave you. Let us go in."

A kerosene lamp stood among the dishes, and the driver of their team and two late coming horsemen and the Mexican boy were all eating together. Raymond was not to be seen, and Ann realized, with a pang of dismay, how wholly she was depending upon him. "Without him I shall be scared," she admitted to herself. The other men paid very little direct attention to her beyond a moment's awkward pause and a lowering of their voices. They continued to discuss the fire and their day's work. It was plain that they were of different temper from the crowd Raymond had thrown from the door, and yet they were not prepossessing.

The liveryman, a short, dirty and very assertive man of small wit, was maintaining himself against one of the riders in an argument. "I punched cattle all over them hills," he was saying. "I know it's all another fake like that old Mount Horeb business in '70. It's nothing but a cattle range—a lot of smooth hills."

"But they've found the gold. They can't be no question about it now. I've got a brother up there, and he writes me."

"They told the same kind of yarns about Horeb, and see how it turned out. They ain't an ounce of gold in this whole Rampart range. It ain't the right kind of formation."

"Well, I'm gold' up there anyhow," said Baker, "as soon as Barnett can fill my place."

"So am I," said one of the other cowboys, a dark, smileless fellow nearly forty years of age.

"They're talking about Sky camp," whispered Louis, "the new mining town."

The talk among the men shifted again to a discussion of the fire. "I hope Bob won't order us out to fight it to-night. I'm tired as a dog," said one of the men.

"The way I put it up is this," bleated the liveryman: "That fire started from somebody campin' over on Birch creek, and it's 'way beyond the ridge. It's got to cross that rocky wash before it can do any damage."

"Well, we'll know when Rob gets back," replied Baker, and Ann inferred from this that Raymond had ridden away to locate the fire, and heartily hoped he would not be gone long.

The men snored back one by one and with sly, curious glances at the girl, sitting so cold and white and still against the wall, went out to smoke and discuss her with the driver. Baker, mindful of his duties, remained. "Don't be uneasy, miss. One of us will stay here anyhow."

Louis was looking over his sketching material, his mind busy with plans for work, when a shout outside announced Raymond's return. The lad rushed to the door. "Oh, Ann, come quick!" he called a moment later. "Here he comes! Oh, can't he ride?"

Ann reached the door just as Raymond dashed up and swung from his saddle. His voice was not loud, but it was stirring. "Boys, the fire is climbing the ridge, and we've got to fight it. Gather up your blankets and gunny sacks. We'll find Williams over there with some water barrels. Hustle now! I'll be along a little later. Tom, you take charge till I come."

With groans and half-jocular curses the weary men, loyal to their duty, scattered to rope fresh ponies and gather up such material as they had for fighting flame, while Raymond came to the door and brusquely said to Ann: "I'll leave Baker to look after you, Miss Rupert. I hope you won't mind."

"Oh, certainly not," said Ann as firmly as she could.

"I'd like to go along!" cried Louis.

"May I?"

"You're needed right here," Raymond sternly replied. "We're likely to be out all night, and your sister needs you."

"Couldn't Baker go in your place?" asked Ann very quietly.

"Jack isn't very energetic. No; it's my duty."

"That's why I'd rather you stayed," Ann said. "If we should be attacked by Indians or anything, Mr. Baker might be asleep."

He laughed. "Indians! There aren't any within 200 miles of here."

"But you said you'd take care of us, and Mr. Barnett has consigned us to your care."

He warmed beneath the allurement of her glance. "But how would it look for the boss to remain comfortably at home while a fire—"

"You're not the boss. You're only the cook."

His face lighted up. "True enough."

After a moment's hesitation he added: "Very well, consider me your protector and cook. Baker is in for it." And he went away filled with a delicious sense of having suddenly been honored above his desert.

Ann was accustomed to men who flew to do her bidding, but this instant victory over the big rancher pleased her unaccountably, and she laughed softly, acknowledging a glow of confidence and relief in the promise of his presence.

Out by the corral the tramping and snorting of excited ponies could be heard mingled with the muttered outcries of the men as they hurriedly roped and saddled. The sky was darkening rapidly, and the pillar of smoke already glowed like a brazen tower. It rose straight into the air for hundreds of feet, then spread away into a long, level cloud, showing that the wind had not yet begun to fan the flame.

At last the men were all mounted and, with a final command from the boss, spurred away into the gloom, complaining, weary, but faithful. Raymond felt a little foolish as he faced the liveryman from Wallace.

"No, I'm not going—at least not until I get Barnett's people fixed for the night. You'll have to bunk in the tool shed, I reckon."

"That's all right. I'll curl down close to my team. I don't want to run any risks with a lot of toughs like that Williams gang cavortin' around. They had just liquor enough aboard to make 'em reckless. I'd advise you to look out for old Turkey Egg there. He has it in for you."

Raymond was unimpressed. "They're halfway to Wallace by this time, and, besides, Speck is a big bluff anyway. We're rid of him forever."

"Well, all is, when you meet him next you pull first," the little man replied very seriously.

Raymond walked slowly toward the house, filled with a guilty joy. Instead of a night of hard riding and laborious wet bag swinging he had given himself the pleasure of sitting in conversation with a beautiful and cultured girl. "I haven't earned this," he admitted. "I don't deserve it. It's too good to be true, but Barnett will approve. Anyhow, I'm going to enjoy it while I can."

Nevertheless, this sense of being a sneak and a cheat threw over him a gloomy and preoccupied air which vexed Ann, who began to question him very much as she would have done had she discovered unusual powers in her coachman. "How do you happen to be out here, Mr. Raymond?"

He replied bluntly: "I don't know. I came here six years ago because I hadn't any trade and the cattle business was attractive, and I've been here ever since."

"But you are wasting your time and talents."

For a moment he meditated a jocular reply, but at last gravely said: "I know it. I've felt like a dumb boy for some time, and—well, I'm just about decided to try my luck up at the big camp. I wish you would take a letter to Barnett and be sure that he reads it. I want him to send another man down here to take my place. But, see here, you're both tired and want to go to bed."

He rose and lighted a second lamp. "Mrs. Barnett's bed is in this room"—he opened a door on the side annex—"I'll see if it is prepared."

Ann interposed. "Oh, no! I'm not so helpless as that. Let me take the light. I will do very well, never fear."

He yielded to her. "I'll get you some water, and I hope there are some clean towels. Let me know if there is anything else I can do."

"You are very thoughtful."

"We try to keep that room ready, so that when the folks come down it will be tolerable."

"I'm quite sure it will do," she said definitely and entered the room.

Raymond turned to Louis. "Youngster, can you shoot?"

"Not very well."

"Learn. A man going round this country with a young woman wants to be prepared for war. He may never have any need of a gun, and then again, unexpected, he may. A gang of hoboes like that today is dangerous when they get to drinking, and it stands a man in hand"—He made a sign commanding silence.

Ann reappeared with a pitcher in her hand. "If you'll fill this for me?"

"With pleasure," he quickly replied. After filling it and placing it in her room, he asked: "Now, which bag is yours? I'll pass that in."

"This one. But where are you and Louis to sleep?"

"Right here." He caught at a sort of frame hung upon the wall. It fell and was transformed into a bunk. "Right here, close beside your door, I'll put the youngster. I'll not take much sleep to-night. The boys will need some hot coffee when they come in." He walked to the door and stood there looking away toward the fire. "I'm afraid they've an all night job of it. The mountain wind is springing up."

"If you really feel that you ought to go"—she began rather feebly.

"Would you feel safer if I stayed?" His voice possessed a note of tenderness as he asked this question. His tall form, outlined in the outer darkness, again appealed to her with power.

She hesitated. "I never was among—I mean I have never been separated from my kind in this way before. I am a city dweller, and, I confess, I am a little nervous."

"Then you'd like me to stay?" he insisted.

"Yes, I wish you would."

"Then I will do so. I'm sure Barnett will excuse me when he knows."

Something—a whip, a pistol—snapped far out in the darkness, a little slapping sound, a puff of dust rose from Raymond's broad breast, and he put his hand to his heart with a quick, inward gasp of pain. "Oh!"

"What was that?" asked Ann.

He swayed back against the door frame, and a yellow white pallor came over his face. "Some one has touched me," he said slowly through his set teeth. "It's that cowardly hound Speck. Go call your driver. I'm shot."

He tried to walk to a chair, but reeled and fell.

Ann's first impulse was toward laughter. It was so absurd, so melodramatic, so perfectly impossible. "He's trying to frighten us," she thought, looking down at him, but Louis ran out screaming for Watson.

Raymond partly rose and faced her. Big drops of agony sweat gleamed on his forehead. "It's no joke," he gasped, seeming to divine her feeling. "He's put it right through, just above my heart. Don't let me bleed to death," he ended, with guttural harshness, and began to tear at his coat in the effort to get it off. As he took away his hand and studied his palm, which was red with blood, Ann's heart grew sick with horror. Her limbs grew numb and weak. Then, as she watched him tearing feebly at his coat, the long dormant woman in her awoke. She ceased to tremble and fell on her knees beside him.

"Let me help you," she said, and her voice was calm and clear, her fingers firm. When his coat was off he sank again exhausted, breathing hard.

"Cut away my shirt—get at that hole and plug it," he commanded. "Any-

thing on his face, and Ann was horrified to find an uglier wound than the other. Sick with horror as she was, she contrived to cut away the shirt and staunch the blood as before.

Raymond was recovering from the first shock of the wound, and, though his breathing was troubled, his mind was clear. "Now, Watson," he said to the driver, "spread some blankets under me, and then you go out to the corral and take my brown mare, with the saddle on, and slide out for Wallace and bring a doctor. Don't urge the mare—just let her take her gait—and don't ride her back. Leave her there."

After the driver had helped him to a bed on a blanket Raymond added, "Now I've got to be quiet and wait. That's all there is about it." He looked at Ann. "You can go to bed and sleep. Youngster, you're in for sentinel duty tonight."

Ann interrupted him. "You must not talk, not another word! Lie perfectly still. We will keep cool bandages on your wound till the doctor comes."

He submitted to her directions and lay quiet, moving only to allow her to change the compress. Louis, when he knew what was needed, became almost as deaf as Ann and relieved her of the painful task of replacing the bandages. But the powerful frame of the ranchman grew each moment more inert, and at last they could not dress the wound at his back.

CHAPTER V.

FOR a long time the silence remained unbroken except now and then when the girl bent over the silent figure to ask, "Can I do anything for you?" Each time she listened with added fear, hoping eagerly for his voice. "Oh, I wish we could do something," she whispered now and again to Louis.

The boy, worn out with his day's excitement, struggled manfully to keep awake, but as the night deepened slumber rose about him like a wreath of benumbing incense. His sense of what had taken place dulled, his head nodded and drooped, and at last Ann lowered him to the floor, where he slept, his cheek pillowed upon her feet.

Again the singularity of the chance, the absurd unreality of the situation, came upon the self-contained girl, inclining her to a sort of hysterical laughter. Here now she sat—Ann Rupert, most conventional of persons—in a rude ranch house, alone with a strange, rough man sleeping in a deathlike trance before her.

The minutes elongated like hands of rubber, attaining the length of quarter hours, and the night stretched away into horrifying distance as she sat tensely waiting, each moment for deliverance, expecting each instant to hear the sweet beating of hoofs, the hoarse laughter of the men; but only the wind serpents hissed and the wolf howled.

At last immobility became intolerable, and, lowering Louis' head to the floor, she gently placed his doubled arm beneath it and with a mighty effort of the will bent again above the pallid man, so tragic in his supineness, and whispered:

"Are you still suffering? Can I do anything for you?"

He turned his head slowly and with a glance which made her shiver answered: "No; I have ceased to bleed. I am going to pull through if my pulse keeps down. Won't you take it?"

Timidly taking his brown wrist in her soft finger tips she tried to count the pulsing of his blood.

He waited a little time in silence, then said: "It's there, but it's weak. Don't you feel it?"

"Yes; it is more regular now," she answered.

"I'm not going to die," he continued in a hoarse, flat tone. "I could get up and mount a horse right now, only I'd bleed if I did. It's hard to keep quiet but I'm going to do it. I can't afford to die now. You're roused me. There's something in the world for me to do."

"You must not talk," she whispered. "Please—it will do you harm."

She put her hand impulsively on his forehead as if he were a child, and he closed his eyes and lay in silence for several minutes. When she withdrew her palm he muttered: "Leave it there. It is so cool and soft."

"Would you like a wet cloth on your head?"

"No—only your hand—if you don't mind."

Her feeling toward him at the moment was like that she manifested toward her brother. "I don't mind, if it helps you," she answered, but a flush rose to her face.

"The boys will come in soon, and then you can go to bed and rest. I'm sorry to trouble you. You can go now. I'm all right," he said.

"I shall not leave you," she firmly replied.

"You're mighty good," he said simply.

The night wore on interminably. At a little past 3, faint and far, arose the cheerful crowing of a cock. Her heart burned with joy—the morning was near! As she waited the light came and voices, faint and far away, touched her ear, and then slowly, moving in a disorderly squad, the weary fighters of flames came riding down the slope and across the meadow.

The herders did not ride up to the house, as she expected them to do, but turned aside toward the stables, and she could hear them as they dropped their saddles and turned their tired ponies loose. "Surely they will come now." Then all was still save the crowing of the cocks and that howling of the wolf on the hill.

Unable to endure the suspense, she tiptoed across the floor and hurried out toward the corral, her heart in her throat with fear of the body on the floor. She ran as silently as possible, as if to avoid rousing some fierce animal, and was close upon the men before they saw her.

"What's that?" she heard one quick, keen voice cry out.

Then each man rose from the heap of blankets wherein he lay curled like an arctic dog.

Ann answered them breathlessly. "Come to the house, quick. Mr. Raymond is shot!"

Their responses were like bullets: "Shot! Who shot him?"

Louis and the driver turned him gently on his face, and Ann was horrified to find an uglier wound than the other. Sick with horror as she was, she contrived to cut away the shirt and staunch the blood as before.

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HESPER.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

For just a moment he sat in silence, then rose and walked slowly to his library. Seating himself before the little desk on which stood a movable telephone receiver, he began to "make things hum." He reached his friend, Dr. Braide, and set him to motion. He ordered out his racing automobile. He telegraphed Watson to take fresh horses and return by way of Junction and get the best doctor there. "Burn the air as you go," he added.

After giving orders for his valise to be packed he walked up to Mrs. Barnett's room and kissed her good morning without betraying his excitement. "I'm going out to the ranch," he said. "The boys are having trouble with the hay, and I want to see how they're coming on. You won't mind, will you?"

"Of course not, Don. I'm going to be all right in a few hours. I'm glad you're going. You can bring Ann home. You should have gone with her yesterday."

"I see that now," he answered dryly. "It will be a startling world for her. Well, I'm off. Better stay in bed today. I'll be back by tomorrow night, I think."

When he took his seat in his big, fast, powerful auto car his face was set in grim lines. "Is she all right, Henry?" he asked of his engineer.

"In perfect order, sir."

"She needs to be. This is to be a record breaker."

With his big goggles over his eyes and his cap drawn low down on his forehead, Barnett seized the wheel, and the ponderous, panting organism began to move. Wheeling into the street, he let on the full power of the engine, and when he drew up at Braide's gate the mechanism was hot with speed, its joints oiled and frictionless—in racing trim.

Braide, a small, smiling, trig young fellow, came out. "What is it all about, Don?"

"Got your tools?"

He pointed at his bag, "Emergency kit."

"Then all aboard!"

Henry leaped out and caught up the bag, while the doctor climbed in beside Barnett on the front seat.

"This looks ominous. How much of a trip is it going to be?"

"Just a short run," answered Barnett as he swung the shining red bulk of the car into Mogalton avenue, which led directly east over the plain.

Beneath their feet the puff and click of the piston and the purr of cogs grew each moment more furious until all sounds fused into a humming roar. The keen air of the morning smote the riders joyfully. The flaming sunlight slanted upon them with growing heat, and backward, beneath them, the sod swept like a tawny carpet, while Barnett, watchful, intent, composed, worked the levers and valves with the skill of a practical engineer. When they had crossed the two railroads and were climbing the long, low ridge he casually remarked:

"My foreman, Raymond, is shot, and you've got to pull him through."

"Great Scott, Don, I can't afford the time! It'll take all day. If I'd known!"

"You'd have gone just the same," asserted Barnett calmly. The machine was again running swiftly. "You're here, and you don't jump out, and you might as well enjoy yourself. This is to be a record run. I'm going to pull in by noon."

Braide was young and a man of red blood and shining eyes. "Very well; go it, old sport! I can stand it if you can. I'll make it a holiday and charge you double for every hour."

When they had reached the top of the pass between two pinon spotted hills the road could be seen for miles, driving straight into the mist of the mighty Missouri valley.

"It's all the way down grade from here to Omaha," remarked Barnett. "I could make the run in two hours, only I mustn't invite a breakdown."

"You seem to value your foreman."

"He's something more than my foreman. He's a splendid chap. You've met him—the fellow who went on the 'coyote drive' with us."

"Why, certainly I remember him. I've met him at the club. But he was very reticent. I didn't get at him. Who is he? How does he come to be your foreman?"

"He's a little slow about telling his own life story, but he's all right. I think I know the cause of this shooting. He got into trouble with a couple of fellows out there, and one of them has done him."

As they entered upon a particularly smooth stretch of road the man at the wheel relaxed his hold and said, with deep feeling: "I don't mind saying that I'm anxious about Rob. I've grown mighty fond of him. He's not one given to confidences, and I've respected his reticence. I don't know quite why he is here, but I trust him and count myself fortunate to have him on the place. He made \$10,000 for me last year on hay and cattle, and must have a little bunch laid up for himself. I've felt for a year that I ought to put Rob into something better. I owed it to him. Now, if he dies!—He broke off and bent to his wheel to hide the emotion that made his lips quiver.

He lacked ten minutes of noon as Barnett rose above the last great wave of the tawny sea and sighted the clump of cottonwoods in which his ranch buildings sat, and two minutes later he swept into the yard and up to the door amid a throng of singularly silent cowboys and ranchers. The first one to speak was Mrs. Scribbins, who exclaimed:

"Jerusalem the golden! You hadn't come from home this mornin' in that doggone thunder cart, have ye?"

"That's what. How's Rob?"

"Quiet as mule; but I hope ye brought help."

Barnett rose from his seat stiffly and climbed painfully down, while Braide seized his case of tools and hurried into the cabin.

Barnett, feeling a small hand gripping his arm, turned to meet Louis. "Hello," said he. "How is Ann?"

"She's all right. She saved Rob's life," answered the boy.

Ann, who stood just outside the door, answered very quietly: "I am quite well. How is Jeannette?"

"I left her feeling very well. But tell me the truth, is Rob dying?"

"No," said Ann. "But he needs help. He was shot last evening and has lain all night in pain. He is very weak now."

Barnett hurried into the hot dusk of the ranch house, smelling of the dinner, which was cooking, and bent above his foreman.

"Hello, Rob! How do you feel?"

Raymond whispered, "Oh, I'm all right; a little weak."

The doctor interposed. "Clear the room of everybody but this woman. I've indicated Mrs. Scribbins. 'We must find this bullet.'"

Barnett turned to the men who filled the doorway. "Clear out now; the doctor wants to be alone."

Raymond smiled a little. "The bullet went on. It's in the wall somewhere."

Barnett came to the door and said to Ann: "You better go out under the trees and rest. You look tired."

"I will stay if I can be of any use."

"We don't need you, Mrs. Scribbins will help us. Please go. Louis, take her away till this is over."

Released from her benumbing load of responsibility, Ann laid her hand on her brother's arm. "Come, Louis, and together they went out along the little winding path which led to the spring.

"What do you suppose they will do to him?" asked Louis.

Ann turned sick. "Oh, I don't know! Don't speak of it! It's too horrible!"

When they re-entered the cabin Barnett met them with a smile. "The doctor says Rob's all right. He insists that Ann saved his life. You poor girl! What a night that boy let you in for! I didn't know till ten minutes ago that you were here all alone and that Jones and his wife had vanquished. I hope you'll forgive me, Ann."

"Oh, I blame no one but myself," she wearily replied. "I shouldn't have come to this miserable, ghastly region."

"Rob wants to see you. Will you come in and speak to him?"

Ann reluctantly followed Barnett into the inner room where Raymond, with his wounds dressed and limbs properly clothed, lay stretched on the bed. He was very pale, but his eyes were calm and quiet. He reached a feeble right hand toward her, saying painfully: "You've been mighty good to me. By and by I will try to thank you. Without you I would have bled to death."

"I beg you not to give it a moment's thought. I did very little," Ann coldly replied.

His eyes were round and soft and appealing, like those of a big wounded dog. "Don't leave me now. I want you."

She glanced at the young doctor, who stood listening. He nodded as if to say, "Grant his request." And so she put his hand away gently as if the clinging fingers were those of a sleeping babe and said, with a return of pity: "I will stay till tomorrow. Now please go to sleep."

He closed his eyes under her palm, and tears of gratitude came stealing down from his brown lashes. For the moment she forgot that she had known him but a day; that she, too, was a stranger—far removed from him in every thought and purpose—and consented to stay because he clung to her and needed her. A hand seized her throat, and an emotion which alienated her from her old self rose within her bosom and for a moment frightened her. In the end it irritated her, this pity, and yet it could not be shaken off. A deeper self which she had not known insisted that she keep her word to the wounded man, and so for two days she oscillated between a pitying tenderness for him and a disgust and bitterness with herself and her weakness.

On the third day Braide pronounced his patient out of danger, and then Ann's pity died.

"I am going home," she said to Louis, "and you must go with me. They are going to take the foreman to the Springs, and I cannot leave you here."

Ann said goodbye to the wounded man in Barnett's presence, and a sense of irritation caused her to be very distant with him.

"I hope you will soon be able to be removed," she said, evading his glance. "This is a distressing place in which to be sick, and now I must say goodbye."

He took her hand in both of his. "I shall miss you, but I won't ask you to stay any longer. You've been very sweet and helpful to me, and I hate to have you go. You will let me see you again, won't you?"

"My cousin intends to take you to his house as soon as you can be moved," she answered formally. "No doubt we shall meet again there."

"I will live in hope of that," he answered gallantly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Care of the Stock.

This should take precedence over the other kinds of work, says American Agriculturist. The animals are now in their winter quarters and wholly dependent on the owner or caretaker. Their present condition and future usefulness will largely correspond with the carefulness and good judgment exercised in their favor during the coming few months. The farmer who spends the necessary time and labor in this work may reasonably expect to receive a corresponding reward now and later on. Comfortable stables, judicious feeding and kindly treatment are things that will pay right along.

Breaking a Colt.

A very good way to break a colt is alongside a horse, says American Agriculturist. The rider then acts both as a leader and a driver. Some tie the colt to the harness of the work horse or trotter. This is a good way, as it not only teaches it to lead, but also its place. Put on the harness very gently and let the colt get used to it. Then drive it, using two short lines. When old enough to endure light work, give it lessons with the wagon, plow, harrow or any other two horse implement, always beside a trained horse to act as teacher.

"BEST LAID PLANS"

By CHESTER FARRINGTON

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As the carriage drew up to the curb before the station the young man whispered a few hurried words to the young woman beside him. She turned to him quickly, admiration stamped on every line of her pretty face, while one little gloved hand stole up to pull his ear caressingly.

"Splendid, oh, splendid!" she cried. "You're a genius, Tom, dear, a real genius." Then she added, with an odd little seriousness that set him chuckling, "I know I shall like you."

The young man produced a cardcase and from it pulled a Pullman ticket. He handed it to the young woman.

"I'm afraid you'll have to take one of the suit cases, dearie," he said. "Sorry, but, you see, if I come hugging them both in it will give it all away. I fancy this will be the best way out of it. If we go in together we might just as well be labeled."

The driver of the carriage descended from the box and pulled open the door.



"IF YOU'LL SCUSE ME, SIR, I'LL DES SWEEP UP DAT RICE ON DE FLOOR."

The man stepped out first, then assisted the young woman to alight. He handed her a suit case and a small, carefully rolled umbrella.

"Track 4, dearie," he said, giving her hand a surreptitious squeeze. He turned to the driver. "You may drive me to the other entrance," he said quietly.

The driver stood quite still, staring at the young man.

"The other entrance, I said," the latter reminded him sharply.

"Sure, sir! All right, sir!" the driver chuckled, while a broad grin wreathed his face. The young man re-entered the carriage, the driver banged the door and mounted the box, and the equipage rattled over the pavements to the other entrance of the station.

Arrived there, the young man paid the fares, gathered up the remaining suit case and a bag of golf sticks and walked leisurely across the platform to track 4. He passed over his luggage to the porter of the Pullman Avon and followed that worthy functionary down the aisle to his seat. Scarcely had the porter put down his traps when the young man turned about and discovered the young woman in the seat directly behind him. It was the same young woman of the carriage.

"Why, by Jove, Eleanor," he cried, "this is luck! I've been anticipating the usual dreary ride up to the camps, and here I run across you in possession of the very next seat to mine!"

"Cousin Tom, how very nice to meet you here!" she exclaimed, with a pleasure equaling his own.

They very solemnly shook hands. The other passengers of the car looked on, mildly interested.

"Going far?" he asked as he swung his chair about and settled himself comfortably.

"I'm bound to Ballard Junction," she said, frowning slightly.

"Good!" said he. "That's three hours away. We'll have a chance to get acquainted once more. Let's see—how long is it since I last saw you? Five years, isn't it?"

"Seven," she corrected.

"Lord, how time flies!" said he. "Come to think of it, it is seven years. It was at the mountains, wasn't it?"

She nodded. "I confess I'd scarcely have recognized you."

"You haven't changed a bit," he declared. "I'd have known you had we met at the ends of the earth."

The passengers in the neighboring seats listened to the chatter with tolerant smiles. All the world loves a romance, even a coulsly romance, and there was that in the young man's eyes which said very plainly this meeting was a consummation devoutly to be wished. The young woman, too, had a way of looking admiringly at her broad shouldered companion, and when their eyes met hers fell and her cheeks grew rather more rosy. They were two of those persons whom outsiders are prone to declare were made for each other.

Somewhere in the station a gong clanged. The train drew out of the gloom of the station into the brilliance of the early fall afternoon. The rumble of the train made it possible for the young people to speak in undertones to each other's ears alone when they chose to do so.

"Hullo for you!" said the man softly. "You did it beautifully."

"I flatter myself we fooled them for once," she laughed.

Then they raised their voices and ran on about a string of cousins and aunts. They exchanged reminiscences; they talked over very thoroughly those seven imaginary years since they had

last met. Every now and then the young man would mutter softly, "No body wise to it yet." And the young woman would chuckle, "Indeed not!"

The city was far behind them and they were rolling smoothly across green meadow lands when the young man noticed that the occupant of the seats directly opposite, a middle aged couple, were looking intently in his direction and smiling covertly. He tried to appear unperturbed, but somehow he felt decidedly ill at ease. The young woman's eyes followed his across the aisle, and she, too, was aware of some thing amiss, for her face reddened and she leaned forward nervously.

"What is it?" she asked breathlessly.

"Nothing, I imagine," said he—"one guilty conscience, perhaps," he hazarded.

She laughed a trifle artificially. "Suppose they should?"—she began.

"Nonsense! They won't," said he reassuringly.

The infection was spreading. Other people in the car were beginning to take an interest in them. There were covert whisperings among the passengers and much craning of necks. A stout, good natured looking man sat directly opposite them and when he was directly opposite them dropped one eyelid in a deliberate wink, which they both saw and equally resented. Then the stout man went up to the car and held quite a conversation with the grinning porter, at the close of which he nodded his head in the direction of the young people and shoved a coin into the black fist.

People were staring frankly now and grinning most absurdly. The young man glared at them savagely. He was feeling hot and uncomfortable. He turned to the young woman and raised his voice for the benefit of the listening passengers.

"I don't intend to let another seven years slip past without seeing you," he said.

At that moment the porter came ostentatiously down the car, armed with a dust pan and a small broom. He stepped before the young couple and bowed profoundly.

"Er yoll scuse me, sah," he said, with exaggerated politeness, "I'll des sweep up dat rice on de floor."

It was perhaps an hour later that the young man strode into the smoking compartment. Its half dozen occupants greeted his entrance with ill concealed mirth.

"Gentlemen," said he, with quiet dignity, "hadn't we best adjourn to the buffet car? This is very evidently on me."

The Economy of Burning Small Coal.

It is a common delusion that a small fuel must necessarily be of low calorific value, and accordingly of doubtful economic value even if it can be burned.

As a matter of fact, many small fuels are of excellent calorific value, and when burned with suitable appliances will show a phenomenal saving. Again and again have I seen an evaporation of ten pounds of water per pound of fuel obtained with slack from Welsh steam coal costing from 5 to 6 shillings per ton less than the large coal. Slack from a good Welsh steam coal is really remarkable value for money as compared with the large coal from which it is separated. Generally speaking, twenty tons of such slack will evaporate fully as much water as nineteen tons of the large coal, and assuming their respective costs per ton to be 35 shillings and 20 shillings the saving to the steam user will be the difference in cost between twenty tons at 15 shillings per ton and nineteen tons at 20 shillings per ton, say £1.—W. F. Goodrich in Engineering Magazine.

Making Old Potatoes New.

This is the way new potatoes are manufactured in Paris: Old potatoes, the cheapest and smallest that can be purchased, are bought by the ralletoles de pommes de terre, as they are called, who carry their property to the banks of the Seine, a good supply of water being necessary. The potatoes are put into tubs half filled with water; then they are vigorously stirred about by the feet and legs of the manufacturers, who roll up their trousers and stamp on the raw potatoes until they have not only completely rubbed off their dark skins, but have also given them that smooth and satin-like appearance which is so much appreciated by gourmands. They are then dried, neatly wrapped in paper and arranged in small baskets, which are sold at the marchands des comestibles for 5 francs apiece. The oldest part of the whole business is that the ralletoles make no secret of their trade.

A Chinaman's Bath.

Speaking of cleanliness in China Rev. E. J. Hardy says in his "John Chinaman at Home": "Before the Chinese were prohibited from emigrating to the Philippine Islands the fare from Amoy to Manila was for them \$75 first class, \$15 second. Those in the latter class had to take a bath before landing, so in order to escape this terror many used to travel first class who would otherwise have gone second. A whole family of Chinese will make their ablutions one after another in about a pint of unchanged water in the same basin."

Mr. Hardy tells of a conscientious servant: "The principal dish at breakfast was to be devilled turkey. 'Devil very bad word,' he said to himself. 'How can write? The dish appeared as 'd-d turkey.'"

The Fitz-O'Brien Bout.

According to the Fitzsimmons-O'Brien articles of agreement, the men will fight twenty "or more" rounds. The fighters will receive 60 per cent of the gross receipts, of which the winner will receive 75 per cent and the loser 25 per cent. Forfeits of \$2,500 each are deposited. Graney is named as referee.

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 181
House Telephone 1040

Saturday, February 17, 1906.

After to-day she will no longer be the "daughter of the White House," but Mrs. Nicholas Longworth.

The ice men seem to have lost all hope of an ice crop in this vicinity and are now getting ready to raise the price in the expectation that the season's supply will have to be purchased in Maine.

The trustees of Wellesley College have offered three free scholarships to Chinese girls. If China adopts a plan of education for her down-trodden women the darkest days of her history may be said to have passed.

The reports of drowning accidents on account of this ice have come in rapidly during the past week. The number of such fatalities is generally greatest during the early days of the winter but this year the ice has only begun to form.

It is announced from the West Indies that a party of American bluejackets penetrated to the interior of the crater of an active volcano. No one doubts the intrepidity of the American sailor, whether it be in the matter of exploration or in fighting for the flag.

It is to be hoped that the reported coming massacre in China is merely a false alarm. The Chinese should have learned something since the last uprising, a fact that is indicated by the presence in this country of a Chinese commission to examine our various institutions.

The few Democrats in the State Senate attempted to make political capital this week by a movement to repeal the State Returning Board act, and the Democrats in the House wasted two days' time in discussing speeches over the annual appropriation bill. In both instances they failed to accomplish anything.

It is said that the suburban-haired women of Kentucky are warm on the trail of one of their Congressmen, who, in a witty speech on the floor of the national House, made remarks that they regard as derogatory. Strange that a Kentucky gentleman, known to history as the soul of chivalry, should so far forget the traditions of his State.

The coal miners do not seem to be unanimous in favor of a strike. President Mitchell has met with strenuous opposition on the part of some of his followers and there is yet a reasonable possibility of a strike being averted. If there is a reasonable man among the leaders of the miners the men would do well to heed his counsel. They are almost certain to lose.

The great copper war in Montana is reported ended at last, Heinze, having sold out all his interests to the Amalgamated. It has been a long struggle between the two interests and whatever may be said of the moral attitude of Heinze he has proved himself a strenuous and undaunted fighter. But it has been a disgusting mess and the country is better off if the long war is over.

Although the Hepburn railroad rate bill has passed the national House, its troubles are really but just beginning. There will undoubtedly be a big fight over it in the Senate, for even the members of the committee have been unable to come to any agreement. After the matter is settled in the committee it will be fought out on the floor of the Senate, when some lively debating may be expected.

The Providence newspaper field is in a turmoil. Those who formerly held large Journal interests have taken over control of the Telegram, for many years the official organ of the Democratic party, and will henceforth run it in the interest of the Republicans. Incidentally they have carried with them from the Journal some of the oldest and best known employees of that paper, including Frederick H. Howland, John J. Rosenfeld, the Dwyers, and many heads of departments. The Telegram will be entirely remodelled and a morning edition will be started soon, which it is reported will be known as the Morning Tribune. There is as yet no radical change noticeable on the face of either paper but the Telegram will undoubtedly be entirely made over in a short time. Meanwhile what will the Democratic party do without an organ?

Connecticut Forestry.

A forest tract of about one thousand acres comprises Connecticut's modest beginning of what may become a great system of state forestry. The land is mainly in sprout growth and costs less than \$2 per acre. It is just such land as can be had in any amount throughout the hilly parts of the northeastern states. Land not usually much valued by the present owner because of the long wait needed to secure another timber crop, yet which sells in the neighborhood of \$100 per acre when covered 40 years later with a second growth of chestnut or other marketable timber.

In some ways state ownership is best, since the views of private owners are likely to be too short-sighted to plan wisely for values which may not be reached for 25 to 50 years. In some countries of Europe the government by

systematic control of large areas secures a steady and continuous income from the public forests. The subject concerns public welfare in several directions, and possibly Connecticut's quiet beginning marks the progress toward the gradual state ownership of sprout land. Doubtless so, unless private owners and corporations can be induced to plan for the future value as well as for quick profits.

But for the waste lands not in sprout growth probably much could be done without state ownership. The Connecticut state forester asserts that about one quarter of the total area of the state is nearly worthless land which is gradually coming up to grey birch, pitch pine and juniper. Farmers in other states will recognize this description as applying to immense areas of run-out pasture land in New England. This land will not again yield pasturage without heavy expense for reclaiming it, and most is so thinly and poorly seeded with trees that the first timber growth will be of no special value. To start a really valuable crop on rich land would vastly increase the resources of every eastern state, and the importance warrants state help. Owners are freely offered state instruction and advice. For a time, at least, new planted forest land should be exempt from taxation.

In some localities, young seedling pines and other desirable forest varieties are not so easy to get, and planting would no doubt be encouraged should the state supply the trees to intending planters. Such aid might often be just the inducement needed to start the work of improvement. The man who receives a lot of nice, thrifty trees will almost always set them out.

At the same time a campaign of education is needed to show how fast good timberland is gaining in value and how much more valuable waste lands become even a few years after planting. Forestry in America is one of the infant industries which will need considerable nursing at the start, but which may be able to give a good account of itself after a few years, more or less, of American enterprise.—American Cultivator.

General Assembly.

The principal business in the State Legislature this week has been the consideration of the general appropriation bill which has been before the House for several days. Representative Rattey, the Democratic leader, has opposed many of the items of the bill, which has occasioned considerable delay but has no other result.

In the Senate on Tuesday Senator McKenna's bill to abolish the State Returning Board was considered, that Senator speaking in favor of the bill. It was indefinitely postponed. The House passed an act giving an extra assistant to the Attorney General and there was also introduced in the House an act in amendment of the police commission bill for the city of Providence, giving the power of appointment of the members of the commission to the mayor with the approval of the board of aldermen. The act to pay the bill of A. C. Landers & Son for decorating the Court House in Newport for Old Home Week has been passed in concurrence.

On Wednesday the consideration of the appropriation bill began in the House. Representative Rattey was active in his objection to many of the items but all were passed as reported. Among the items to which he took exception were the appropriations for the Railroad Commissioner and his assistant; for clerical assistance for the State Returning Board; for clerks of committees; for publishing the public laws in the newspapers of the State; for the State Institutions; for the State Board of Agriculture. When the appropriation for the militia came up there was considerable discussion about the independent companies of the State, their record being defended by Representative Allen in opposition to Representative Crafts of Westerly.

On Thursday the House resumed its consideration of the appropriation bill and Mr. Rattey resumed his objections. He remonstrated against the appropriations for the expenses of the Bureau of Industrial Statistics; for expenses of the Railroad Commissioner, and for expenses of the State Returning Board. He also moved to refer the whole bill back to the finance committee for further consideration, but his motion was not carried. The bill was then passed by the House.

Weather Bulletin.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 17, 1906. Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross the continent Feb. 16 to 20, warm wave 15 to 19, cool wave 19 to 22. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Feb. 23, cross west of Rockies by close of 23, great central valleys 24 to 26, eastern states 27. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about Feb. 22, great central valleys 24, eastern states 26. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about Feb. 25, great central valleys 27, eastern states March 1.

This disturbance will be second in importance of the month. It will have developed more than the usual intensities when it reaches the Pacific coast and will continue with unusual force until it has passed off the eastern coast. General trend of temperatures will be downward and therefore the cool wave following will bring colder weather than the cool wave preceding the disturbance.

While a shortage of rainfall was predicted for February, the last week in the month will probably bring an excess, particularly in the southern states. Following Feb. 17 will come a short warm wave with unusually high temperatures, an increase of precipitation but not very severe storms.

Next bulletin will give general forecasts of March weather, particularly of crop-weather.

The Army Canteen.

(San Francisco Call.)

A courageous member of Congress from Philadelphia has introduced a bill to restore the army canteen, and it is now before the house military committee. The official reports of army officers and that of the secretary of war disclosed the appalling effects that have followed the abolition of the canteen. Disease and degeneration appear among the enlisted men at every post. They resort to the pitfalls that sprang up when the canteen was abolished, and drank poison stuff and are demoralized by the debauchery that follows. Discipline suffers, and the whole service is injured.

In the canteen the men had the use of beer and light wines, with such food refreshments as they needed to eke out the army ration. But that was not all. The canteen was the enlisted man's post club. Its profits provided a library and reading room and the recreation of games. Man is a social being. He craves the contact and company of his fellows. If these be within his reach under circumstances that make the association innocent his craving is satisfied, and he is made a better man, whether he be a citizen or a soldier. If his social instincts cannot be gratified in an innocent way, especially the soldier will seek that gratification under conditions that drag him down into vice.

Wise parents let their children play while at home and play with them, and permit to them other needed recreations innocent in themselves. It is a safeguard of good habits and a preventive of immoral and degrading contacts. The same principle goes through life, from childhood through manhood. Army officers have their post club and find in it relief from the monotony of post life in time of peace. The enlisted man has the same social instincts as his officer. He has the same craving for relief from the monotony of post routine. If he cannot get such relief innocently he will have it viciously.

What would the enemies of the canteen have the soldier do? In his barracks there are no means of amusement, no chance even to instruct his mind. There is no post school in which he can strengthen the weak places in his education. He must be an exceptional man if he does not recklessly seek a break in the monotony by means that finally destroy him morally and physically. He will not occupy his mind reading tracts upon the dangers of alcohol and tobacco, nor will he satisfy himself in the perusal of pious tracts. Many think, however, that he should find such occupation sufficient to satisfy his social hunger, and it was believed by the good and well-meaning people who carried on the anti-canteen crusade that they would be able to turn the army into a great and pious camp, where tracts and hymns would fill in the giddy round of recreation.

They were wrong. The medical statistics and reports of the officers show how wrong they were. We do not expect that any of the preponderance of testimony will convince them. They will go up like an army with banners against the bill to restore the canteen. They will be supported by the vicious element that profits out of the sale of bad whiskey in the deadfalls that fringe every army post. Cunning vice and simple-minded virtue will go hand in hand to beat the Philadelphia's bill. Vice will know just what it is doing and virtue will be deaf and blind to the sure consequences.

But against this the common sense of the country should assert itself. San Francisco has a great army post within its borders. Every citizen of this city who has taken the trouble to observe, knows that when there was a post canteen the moral and physical condition of the soldiers was immeasurably better than it has been since. We are assured that the same testimony is given by citizens at every army post in the country.

Give the men their post clubs again, where they are in the association of gentlemen. Give them their library and reading-room, and recreation again. Give them the light wines and beer that satisfy their appetite for the social glass, and keep them away from the distilled liquors that are poisonous to increase the profits of their sale.

The chairman of the military committee has been a soldier and many of its members have been military service. They know how entirely impracticable and impossible are the expectations of the people who fight the canteen on prohibition principles. They know he must have the opportunity for reasonable indulgence or he will find a way for the enlisted men will be a boon to many that do not drink at all. It will improve their surroundings by making better men of their fellow soldiers.

We appreciate the good motives of the prohibitionists who oppose the canteen, but they proceed against all human nature, of which they are a great deal in a soldier. With his post club the enlisted man takes an interest in military life. Without it he is diverted by vice from the pride he should feel in his profession.

Railway Earnings.

Some of the electric roads in this State do not make a very good financial showing for the past year. The Newport & Providence Railway Co. report that they carried 484,760 passengers, earned \$25,141.03, and expended \$30,201.29, leaving a deficiency of \$5,060.26. The gross earnings of the Old Colony Street Railway Company in Rhode Island were \$261,014.97, the net earnings were \$75,780.01, and 3,424,343 passengers were carried.

The Woonsocket Street Railway carried 2,496,678 passengers, the gross earnings were \$102,567.57; the net loss was \$14,026.86.

The Pawcatuck Valley Street Railway Company earned \$22,063.72, had a net deficit of \$1,483.37, and carried 413,783 passengers.

The Taunton Street Railway earned \$68,014.19, had net earnings of \$22,243.92 and no dividend was paid. The number of passengers carried was 979,011.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Washington Matters.

Representative Hepburn is Keeping the Result of his Labor—Bitter Fight over the Details of the Panama Canal Bill—Prospect of Trouble with China—Law Regarding Mining at Naval Academy may be Amended—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 16, 1906.

Representative "Pete" Hepburn has been riding around in a cab ever since the rate bill that bears his name passed the House. It was a decided victory, and not an unexpected one. But the real fight on the bill is still to come. The Senate Committee that is now considering the measure is divided, and though there may be a unanimous report on the bill to the Senate, it does not now look as if there would be. Of course the air is full of rumors. You can hear anything you want to on either side. It is reported that the Senate is ready to lay down and report the bill in just the condition it came from the House. It is said, with equal appearance of authority, that the Senate will report an entirely different bill. It is said that the Senate will honestly try to arrange a compromise measure that the conference can agree on, and it is said again, most sinister rumor of all, that the enemies of the bill see their chance for a prolonged fight and will throw the measure back on the House amended in such shape that there will be a season-long fight over it, with the probabilities against there being any legislation worth a name this session.

The Hepburn bill is far from what the railroads want, but it is not quite as bad as they feared. The way an impartial outsider looks at it was illustrated very well to-day in the comment of Ray Standaard Baker, the magazine writer, who certainly has no great love for corporations of any sort and who has been devoting all his time lately to an arraignment of the railroads based on testimony gathered from official sources. He was at the Interstate Commerce Commission to-day, looking up more evidence on which to continue his campaign. When asked what he thought of the Hepburn bill in the shape it finally got through the House, he said, "I think personally that it is a good measure. It has some faults and I do not think it goes far enough. But it goes in the right direction. I believe it is going to pass the Senate, and it certainly ought to." Of course this is the opinion of only one man, and he is a radical. But it is the expression of a man who has spent much time in the study of railroads, and one who has no particular axe to grind. So as an opinion it ought to be worth something.

There is an increasingly bitter fight on the details of the Panama Canal bill. Mr. Patterson has moved to strike out the provision abrogating the eight hour law on the Isthmus. Such a motion furnished the very opportunity that the enemies of the Canal want, a fight for time and delay. No one who knows anything about conditions on the Isthmus imagines for a minute that the abrogation of the eight hour law there would have the slightest effect on the labor situation in the United States. Whether the canal is built by contract or by the commission directly, the labor will not be American. American laborers will not go to the Isthmus, and could not work there as they do the states if they went. But the opposition to any sort of a canal, and it is a strong opposition, is willing to make use of the labor demagogue or anything else it can get hold of to harry the measure and add embarrassment, delay and expense to the undertaking. There has as yet been no vote taken on this feature of the measure, and the object of the opposition will simply be to delay a vote as long as possible.

The prospect of trouble with China is again commanding attention. There is no question that the outbreak there is more serious than had previously been supposed. Advice to the State Department show a very bad state of affairs, and the military establishment in the Philippines is being made ready for any eventualities. There is a light cruiser squadron that can be placed off the China coast in short order, and if necessary troops can be transported and landed with little delay. It is not thought that matters will reach this acute stage, but the government is quite prepared for them if they do. The Chinese government continues polite and conciliating, as usual, but there is small question that the outbreak is anti-American rather than anti-foreign, and that it is being fostered by the other foreign elements, the Japanese, the British and the Germans in the order named, who see a menace in the constantly growing trade of this country with China, and a serious strategic menace in our position in the Philippines.

Now that the Secretary of the Navy finds how drastic the mandatory dismissal law for hazing at Annapolis is, and how if the law is really enforced it will result in cleaning out practically all of the midshipmen except the fourth class men, who have nobody to haze, he is weakening on the law and wants it repealed. There is no question but that the mandatory dismissal law is a mistake. It makes no distinction between the various degrees of hazing, and promises to rob the Academy of most of the upper class men. When one considers that the education of a cadet costs the government about \$20,000 this is no small matter financially, to say nothing of the inconvenience it would cause the service to be deprived of the bulk of the three classes just at a time when it wants naval officers badly. So the Secretary is now consulting with a number of members in Congress with a view to getting the present law repealed, and it is just possible that the President may be urged to grant pardons to the slight cadets who have already been dismissed, though there is a question whether, under the law, even he could reinstate them.

"Really," said the X ray operator to the surgeon, "there is only a grammatical distinction between our professions."

"Do you think so?" said the surgeon. "Certainly, I see bones, and you saw bones."—Bystander.

Inquiring Philosopher—To what do you attribute the increasing number of old maids hereabouts?

Astute Native—I couldn't quite say, but seems to me as if it might be due to the increasing number of old bachelors about here.

"She's the most unconscious girl I ever saw."

"Well, why shouldn't she be? She's pretty and knows it; she's clever, and knows it. What has she to be conscious of?"—Puck.

Dashaway—Do you love that girl as much as you think you do?

Clevertown—Why, old man, I love her almost as much as she thinks I do.—Life.

Royal

Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

Made from Pure Grape Cream of Tartar

In baking powder Royal is the standard, the powder of highest reputation; found by the United States Government tests of greatest strength and purity.

It renders the food more healthful and palatable and is most economical in practical use.

Housekeepers are sometimes importuned to buy alum powders because they are "cheap." Yet some of the cheapest made powders are sold to consumers at the highest price.

Housekeepers should stop and think. Is it not better to buy the Royal and take no chances—the powder whose goodness and honesty are never questioned?

Is it economy to spoil your digestion by an alum-phosphate or other adulterated powder to save a few pennies?

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

Jack—I suppose there is nothing that pleases a woman more than the devoted attention of the man of her choice.

Pam—Except, perhaps, the devoted attention of the man of some other girl's choice.—Philadelphia Press.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.
Itching, Blunt, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAIN OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

	SUN	MOON	High Water
	RISE	SET	RISE
17 Sat	6 53	5 36	2 3
18 Sun	6 52	5 37	2 8
19 Mon	6 50	5 39	2 51
20 Tues	6 49	5 40	4 51
21 Wed	6 48	5 41	5 50
22 Thurs	6 46	5 42	6 49
23 Fri	6 45	5 43	7 48

First Quarter, 1st day, 7h. 11m., morning.

Full Moon, 10th day, 2h. 41m., morning.

Last Quarter, 15th day, 11h. 22m., evening.

New Moon, 23d day, 2h. 5m., morning.

Marriages.

In New Bedford, Sept. 30, 1895, by Rev. P. A. Canudo, John Fitzsimmons and Miss Hattie B. Grege of this city.

In Fall River, Feb. 15, by Rev. John W. Quirk, John O. Mason and Miss Elizabeth M. Neville of this city.

Deaths.

In Little Compton, 11th inst., Simon Gray Allen, a native of Block Island, in his 70th year.

At North City, 11th inst., Harriette E. wife of Pay Director B. E. Denny, U. S. Navy.

In this city, 13th inst., at the residence of her son, 18th inst., Hannah B. widow of Robert H. West, in her 75th year.

In this city, 15th inst., Margaret Madeline, infant daughter of James and Ellen A. (Kirby) Fisher.

In New York, 18th inst., George, son of Mary and the late Charles Boyle, formerly of this city, aged 40 years.

In Johnston, 12th inst., David T. Briggs, aged 65 years.

In Tiverton, 10th inst., Gleason W. Manchester, in his 83d year.

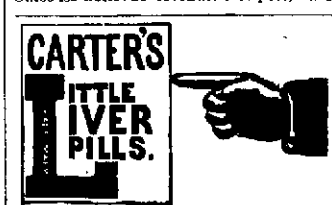
In Providence, 15th inst., Samuel Magnus Smith, in his 72d year.

FARM READY STOCKED.**For Sale in Middletown, R. I.**

Thirty-five acres under cultivation—in splendid order—dairy, green-house, grocery, horse barn and cow barn, chicken houses and brooder, comfortable farm-house, amply sufficient for a man and large family. Will sell with stock, furniture, cattle and poultry, everything in running order. Price \$25,000, will lend \$15,000 on mortgage at 5 per cent. This is a place within 2 miles of Newport, and eminently suitable for any wealthy country farmer who desires to have a perfect country farm. For permit to see apply to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,
Office 182 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

**CURE**

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action place all who take them in vibrant health. A box for \$1.00 by druggist, every where, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

COPPER WAR ENDED

Heinze Properties Turned Over to the Amalgamated Interests

Butte, Mont., Feb. 14.—The last act in the transfer of the mining properties controlled by F. A. Heinze in Silver Bow county has been completed and the mines, whose names have become known the world over through litigation which has been carried on over their possession, have been turned over by the representatives of the Heinze company to the local agent of President Cole of the North Butte company.

The news of the termination of the negotiations that have been pending for months has been received all over Montana with extreme satisfaction. Assurance has been given that the pending litigation, which involves properties valued at more than \$500,000, will be stopped at once, and that the development of these properties will begin immediately.

The interests represented by Cole are friendly to the Amalgamated Copper company and the celebrated mining warfare of Butte is at an end. The statement is made by an authority that is accepted in Montana that there will be no delay in the starting of work in the properties that have been tied up by the litigation.

Preacher Lived a Hundred Years

Brunswick, Me., Feb. 15.—Clarkson Gould, a widely known Adventist preacher, died at his home at Topsham at the age of 100 years. He was born in Whitcomb Dec. 23, 1805, but had lived nearly all his life in Topsham. Up to the time of his death he had been in good health, and yesterday morning he was up and dressed and about the house as usual. During the afternoon he was stricken with a sudden illness and quietly passed away. Until he was 95 years old he was a familiar figure in Maine and New Hampshire pulpits.

Relief For Liquor Sellers

Boston, Feb. 16.—A bill to permit hotels within 400 feet of a public school-house to sell liquor, provided the hotel has a closed bar, and the bar itself is outside the 400-foot limit, was passed to be engrossed in the house of representatives. The vote was 137 to 33. The legislation was introduced to relieve the liquor situation at the Hotel Touraine, this city, and other public houses in the state located near school buildings.

To Recover Campaign Gifts

New York, Feb. 15.—Recommendations that legal proceedings be instituted to recover campaign contributions made by the New York Life Insurance company were submitted to the trustees of the company by the special investigating committee. It is recommended to recover the money from such officers and trustees as counsel shall decide are liable therefor.

Busy Times in Anthracite Field

Mahanoy City, Pa., Feb. 16.—Every colliery and washery in the anthracite field is being operated to its full capacity and this order, it is said, is to continue until April 1 unless it becomes evident in the meantime that all danger of a strike on that date shall have passed. Extra engines and train crews are being pressed into service to handle the increased coal traffic.

United States Not Arbitrator

Algiers, Feb. 16.—It is now said that the rumors that the United States will arbitrate the differences between France and Germany are absolutely imaginary. In the event of a failure to reach an understanding Ambassador White is said to think that it would be best to terminate the conference rapidly.

Vesuvius Threatens Disaster

Naples, Feb. 14.—Mount Vesuvius' eruption is assuming alarming proportions. An effort is being made to save the station by the construction of a thick wall of masonry reinforced by embankments of sand. Streams of lava are flowing with considerable rapidity, destroying everything in their course.

DUE PRECAUTION

Necessary to Protect Americans Living in China

REBELLION IS IMMINENT

United States Should Have Warships and Troops Ready to Show China That Our Eyes Are Open—Conger Gives His Views

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 15.—Edward M. Conger, for many years United States minister to China, and who is staying at Pasadena for the winter, is quoted in an interview on the present anti-foreign agitation in China, as follows:

"The United States should warn China against a repetition of the terrible riots of a few years ago. A show of warships should be made to impress upon the government of China that the troubles must not be repeated and will not be tolerated. I am satisfied that serious trouble will come, but do not expect that it will be directed especially against the United States, but will be against the reigning Manchu dynasty."

"The Manchurians are insignificant in numbers and the present uprising is for the purpose of establishing a new dynasty and not to put foreigners," continued Conger. "The most violent disturbances will be in the southern provinces and will endanger all foreign interests."

"Americans within the zone of the rebellion are liable to be hurt before they can get out, and that is why the United States should let China know that it will not tolerate for an instant anything inimical to the interests of its citizens. If the Chinese can be impressed that we are on the alert and that we mean business our interests will be secure. If China is permitted to think that it can ignore our interests, something terrible will happen."

"The trouble now will be a great struggle within the empire—a battle of popular majority against the dynastic minority. It has been brewing for many years and has now apparently reached a climax."

"I believe the boycott on American goods is now beginning to operate against the Chinese themselves. Chinese merchants, long before this boycott was instituted, stocked their establishments with goods from the United States. When the boycott was declared these merchants could not or dared not sell their goods."

"We learned a lesson in 1900 and China learned one, too. Our experience should compel us, and will, to take precaution. In the future it would be the part of wisdom to have our warships and troops ready, if only for the purpose of letting China know that we are watching her."

War Fleet and Men Ready

Washington, Feb. 15.—With a powerful United States fleet of warships ready for action plying across the Pacific and through the Mediterranean into Asiatic waters, 75,000 men prepared for transportation to China at a moment's notice, from the Philippines and San Francisco, great army supplies in the Philippines and at Honolulu, the United States stands ready for immediate war with China should the threatened uprising, rebellion and dreaded massacre appear.

Secretary Root thinks that trouble will be averted. Returning army men, merchants, missionaries and officials from China state that they believe a massacre of foreigners cannot be prevented.

Admiral Sigsbee's crack cruiser squadron, which is now in the Mediterranean, has been ordered to the Asiatic station at once, and will stand by for patrol duty of coast cities and on the rivers. The gunboat fleet is ordered into Chinese waters immediately to meet the cruisers.

The gunboat El Cano is already in the Yangtze. The gunboat Concord is on its way across the Pacific from Seattle.

Boy Met Terrible Fate

Brooklyn, Mass., Feb. 14.—Fred Miller, 16 years old, went down in a manhole to connect a belt with some shafting and was caught by the whirling machinery, and probably instantly killed. The body of the boy was whirled about in the shafting for three hours before it was discovered, as no one knew Miller had gone into the manhole.

Immigration in January

Washington, Feb. 16.—The immigration from all countries for January, 1906, according to a statement issued by the bureau of immigration, was 51,127. The largest immigration came from Italy, who sent over 11,220 persons. Hungary was next with 11,108, while the Russian empire and Finland sent 10,382.

Man and Woman Asphyxiated

Concord, N. H., Feb. 12.—Frank M. Norton, a private in the coast artillery and stationed at Fort Wadsworth, New York, and Mrs. Nellie Fagan of this city were asphyxiated by gas, whether from suicide or accident the authorities are unable to determine. Norton had come on from New York to see his mother.

Brady Out of Office

Washington, Feb. 15.—President Roosevelt yesterday afternoon received and accepted the resignation of John G. Brady, as governor of Alaska. The resignation was handed to the president on behalf of Brady by Judge Peck of New York.

Captain Thomas H. Brown, for several years well known as the head of the liquor law enforcement squad of the Boston police department, is dead, aged 55.

It is announced that the death of William F. Barrett, the publisher of the Boston Advertiser and Record, will not cause any change in the administration of the business of the two newspapers.

MONEY QUESTION

An Important Factor in the Castellane Proceedings

A SEPARATION DECREE

Would Permit Absolute Divorce in Three Years—Effort to Eliminate the Correspondents' Names in Official Hearings

Paris, Feb. 14.—Count Boni de Castellane had a long conference yesterday with the lawyers of his wife. This was one of several meetings at which the two parties concerned have carefully gone over the financial features of the case with the view of determining the exact form of the future procedure and ultimate decree.

In the meantime the countess' bill of complaint is being prepared, but has not yet been filed, as the form will depend upon the pending conferences over financial affairs. If these are satisfactorily adjusted the countess' bill of complaint is likely to be materially modified so as to contain only incompatibility or other grounds within the statute, but avoiding allegations of a scandalous nature.

However, the conferences are not for the purpose of reconciliation, as all concerned, including the count and countess, with their lawyers, appear to recognize the futility of any further attempt to reunite the family. The present indications, therefore, are that after the parties reach a financial understanding the bill will be modified and a decree entered by mutual consent. This decree probably will be for a separation, as the French law permits such a decree being extended to a complete divorce after three years.

Thus far, however, the countess has not decided whether the bill shall ask for a complete annulment of her marriage. Her friends are rather inclined to restrict the decree to a separation, as this would prevent the rearing of either party within three years, thus putting an end to the rumor that the countess intended to marry again, which her friends characterize as absurd. Until the bill is finally framed and filed the courts will not possess a document explicitly setting forth the grounds of the action.

The preliminary plea did not enter into the merits of the case, but was a formality under the French law whereby the wife must ask the court's permission to begin an action against her husband. In order to sustain this plea the countess presented papers establishing a prima facie right to begin an action against her husband. These prima facie papers did not specify the names of the correspondents, but recited incidents in which the count is alleged to be implicated. The present negotiations tend to further confirm these rumors from appearing during the official proceedings.

As a result of the countess' prima facie showing the court has awarded her the temporary care of her children and a separate domicile at the capital and a mansion on the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. The effect of this interlocutory order is to exclude the count from the mansion as the law considers it to be in loco parentis for two years, and to enable the countess to reside with the children and she expects to be joined soon by members of the Gould family.

Count Boni expresses to friends his deep desolation over the affair and asserts his continued affection for his wife and children. He pays the fullest tribute to the wife's loyalty of the countess and does not intend to file a cross bill.

Battleship Rhode Island Accepted

Quincy, Mass., Feb. 12.—Official notice of the acceptance of the new battleship Rhode Island by the government has been received from Washington by the Fore River Shipbuilding company, at whose plant the warship was built. On her official trial the Rhode Island attained an average speed of 19.01 knots an hour for four consecutive hours. The contract requirement was 19 knots.

Tidal Wave and Earthquake

Panama, Feb. 16.—Confirmation of reports of loss of life by a tidal wave, following a submarine earthquake on Jan. 31, has been brought here by the captain of the steamer Quito, from Guayaquil. Several coast villages were destroyed and more than 50 persons were killed or drowned. On the same day an earthquake lasting seven minutes was felt in the interior of Colombia.

Again Behind the Bars

Boston, Feb. 13.—Charles M. Howard, who, with a fellow-prisoner, saved his way to freedom from the jail in this city recently, was brought back to Boston from New York, where he was captured, last night. He was locked up again in the jail. The other fugitive, Carr, has not been captured.

To Investigate Child Labor

Washington, Feb. 16.—The house committee on labor has practically agreed to report a bill for an investigation of child labor and is now making an attempt to find just what classification of child labor shall be attempted in such a measure.

President Pardons Meriwether

Washington, Feb. 13.—Midshipman Minor Meriwether, Jr., of Louisiana, a member of the third class, convicted and sentenced to dismissal from Annapolis for hazing, has been pardoned by the president.

Charges Against City Officials

Taunton, Mass., Feb. 16.—Mayor Tracy has served notice on Messrs. Brownell, Clark and Conant, members of the board of license commissioners, declaring that there have been statements submitted to him alleging that they have failed to perform their duties faithfully and properly. The mayor will hold a hearing on the charges on Feb. 24.

QUEER DOINGS ALLEGED

Failure of a Recently Organized Bank at Chicago

Chicago, Feb. 16.—The Bank of America, incorporated last December with a capital stock of \$250,000, last night was placed in the hands of a receiver by Judge Chytrous. The bill asking for the receivership holds former Judge Abner Smith, president, and three other officers of the bank responsible for the alleged insolvency of the institution.

In the few weeks since the opening of the bank Smith is charged with buying so manipulated securities, mortgages and notes and the stock of the bank that he has obtained amounts aggregating \$146,000.

The operations of Smith and the other officers mentioned in the bill are said to have begun before the bank opened for business. Smith is said then to have borrowed money and placed it in the treasury to deceive the state auditor into believing that the stock had been paid up.

Alleged "Yeggs" Indicted

Dover, N. H., Feb. 15.—Indictments for breaking and entering were returned by the grand jury against Joseph Gouin and "John Doe," real name unknown, who are held without bail at Portsmouth, charged with the murder of Giuseppe Giampà. In the indictments returned here the men are charged with breaking and entering the office of the Luddy-Currier Shoe company in Dover. The indictments will be held over them pending the outcome of the trial on the murder charge in Rockingham county.

Land Frauds Are Widespread

Washington, Feb. 16.—Secretary Hitchcock, at an executive hearing before a sub-committee of the house appropriation committee, explained that 600 indictments and 400 land fraud convictions have been obtained by the interior department in 19 states. To the great surprise of the sub-committee Hitchcock said that Louisiana leads in the number of land frauds uncovered by his department and has more than any of the other states which are supposed to be the chief offenders.

Ragman Carried Big "Buncle"

New York, Feb. 15.—John McNally, a ragman, dropped dead in the street last night. When his body was searched there were found in a belt around his waist 31 savings bank books, showing deposits of \$40,000, a United States \$100 bond and \$36 in cash. McNally, who lived alone in a tenement house, was a familiar figure on the East Side, where he collected his rags. So far as is known he had no relatives.

Confessed to Old Crime

Boston, Feb. 13.—Three years ago Arthur Whitehead assaulted Willie King, a Chinaman, with a brick. King hovered between life and death for months. Finally he recovered, but until recently it was not known who his assailant was. Whitehead came forward and confessed, saying the crime was troubling his conscience. In view of this fact he was given but four months in the house of correction.

McCall on His Death Bed

New York, Feb. 14.—The last rites of the Roman Catholic church were administered to John A. McCall, former president of the New York Life Insurance company, at Lakewood, N. J., where he has been seriously ill. McCall had had a striking spell and his condition was such that his family was advised to be prepared for the worst. Subsequently McCall rallied somewhat, but his condition remains critical.

Another Sow and Pigs Victim

Vineyard Haven, Mass., Feb. 12.—The famous Sow and Pigs reef at the entrance of Vineyard sound claimed another coaster when the New York schooner Joseph Hay struck on one of the western ledges, bumped over and sank 15 minutes later in 12 fathoms of water. The six men on board, who jumped into their yawl without saving any of their belongings, were brought here by the tug Dudley Pray.

Still Without a Chairman

Boston, Feb. 14.—Another ineffectual attempt to break the deadlock over the matter of the chairmanship was made at the meeting of the board of aldermen yesterday. The deadlock has existed since the present city government was organized on Jan. 1. Alderman Kneeland, a Democrat, received five votes yesterday, the highest number cast for any candidate. Seven votes are necessary to elect.

Hendricks Retires From Office

Albany, Feb. 16.—Francis Hendricks of Syracuse is not a candidate for reappointment as state superintendent of insurance, which position he has occupied since his appointment in January, 1900. Governor Higgins last night definitely announced this fact and declared that Hendricks' retirement is the result of his advanced age and infirm physical condition. His term expired Feb. 11.

Will Get Part of Lost Money

Nashua, N. H., Feb. 15.—At a special meeting of the city council last night the case of Alfred A. Hall, former city clerk, who is accused of embezzlement of \$1821, was brought up, and it was voted to accept the sum of \$1000 in full satisfaction of the city's claim against him. Hall will be taken before the superior court to plead to an indictment charging embezzlement.

Bishop Turner Needs a Muzzle

Macon, Ga., Feb. 16.—In an address before 500 delegates at a convention of negroes in this city to discuss race problems, Bishop Turner, A. M. E., declared the American flag to be "a dirty and contemptible rag" and that "hell was an improvement on the United States when the negro was involved."

Gathered Cash and Left

New Haven, Feb. 15.—The police have a warrant out for the arrest of Edward F. Quigley on the charge of backing a policy game. When detectives searched Quigley's house on Tuesday nearly \$25,000 in cash was found in several rooms. It was intended to arrest him yesterday, but Quigley and the money had gone when the police visited the house.

AT STAG DINNER

Longworth Entertains President Roosevelt and Friends

GETS MARRIAGE LICENSE

Presents of Bride-Elect May Number Upward of Four Thousand and Represent Intrinsic Value of More Than a Million

Washington, Feb. 16.—Representative Longworth last night entertained at a bachelor dinner at his home, 831 Eighteenth street, Northwest. President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft were among the guests. The other guests were Mr. Perkins, who is to be the best man at the wedding of Miss Roosevelt and Longworth, Vicomte de Chambrun, brother-in-law of Longworth, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., eldest son of the president; Major Henry and Messrs. Fleischmann, Shaw, Wallingford, Winthrop, Anderson, Painter, Simpkins, Bangs, Whitney and Herron.

Notwithstanding the fact that Representative Longworth is to be the president's son-in-law within two more days, he won a great point in having the chief executive break the ironbound rule that the president should not dine outside the White House.

It was not known that the president would go to the dinner. No matter what his personal wishes are in the matter, it is not the custom of the President of the United States to accept the hospitality of his friends except in an official capacity.

Mr. Longworth went to the city hall late yesterday afternoon and received his marriage license. He was accompanied by a number of his personal friends, including three who are to serve as ushers at the wedding, and their visit attracted no little interest at the old court house.

Wedding presents are still arriving at the White House and details of a number of the gifts have become known. One of the presents that has attracted considerable interest, that of the Empress of China, will not reach here until after the wedding day. The gifts will probably number upward of 4000 and represent an intrinsic value of more than \$1,000,000.

No woman, perhaps, in this country ever received so many or such handsome gifts. Naturally enough, far more interest attaches to the gifts sent by foreign powers than to others, and from that source up to date the presents have been particularly rich. The gift of the Emperor of Austria is a jeweled pendant and chain of great beauty. Joy reigned in Miss Roosevelt's part of the White House when the huge silver loving cup presented by the New York delegation was delivered. So far Miss Roosevelt is said to have received 20 fans, 12 necklaces and chains, 22 brooches, 20 vases, 10 loving cups and punch bowls, 100 yards of lace, 1000 pieces of the china, 15 rings, 10 bracelets, 18 watches and clocks, four full sets of glasses and hundreds of other articles not duplicates. There are no finger bowls, few lamps, no audirons, only a few pictures and no books.

Ten Ponca Indians who came from Oklahoma to present Representative Longworth with a buffalo skin vest were much disappointed at not finding Longworth in the house when they visited the Capitol yesterday afternoon. The Indians were especially painted and dressed in beaded buckskin clothing in anticipation of an elaborate presentation ceremony. Their gift for the president's prospective son-in-law is made from the hide of a young buffalo, which is more highly prized by the Indians than any other trophy of the hunt.

The Ponca delegation later called on President Roosevelt to pay their respects to the "Great White Father." Incidentally, Eagle Horse, the chief of the band, presented to the president their gift for his future son-in-law. The chief added that they made a present to the groom and not to the bride, because the bride already had received many presents and they felt that the groom ought not to be neglected in this respect. President Roosevelt laughingly accepted the waistcoat on behalf of Mr. Longworth, promising to see that he should get it.

The program for the arrival of guests, their positions in the East room, and other features of their reception are according to the usual customs for state receptions. Yet the President and Mrs. Roosevelt have spoken of the wedding as a private affair. Those diplomats who have been invited are asked not as representatives of their sovereigns, but in their private and personal capacity.

For one minute yesterday Representative Longworth acted in the capacity of speaker of the house. He was called to the chair during a rollcall, and no duty devolved upon him during the time. When he left the speaker's chair he arranged for a "pair" for two weeks, or until March 4.

An indirect compliment was paid to Longworth by a vote of the house to adjourn until Monday, although nothing will appear in the record of this purpose.

Solons' Wedding Congratulations

Columbus, O., Feb. 15.—The house adopted a joint resolution congratulating Representative Longworth and Miss Alice Roosevelt on their approaching marriage. This is the first time that official notice has ever been taken by the Ohio legislature of a wedding. Longworth served one term in the Ohio house and two terms in the senate.

Slashed Himself While Under Arrest

Newton, Mass., Feb. 16.—Kid Irving, who was brought here from Auburn, N. Y., to answer to a charge of burglary, attempted to take his own life in his cell at the local police station last night. Irving had secured a razor blade in his boot and with this he cut deep gashes in both his legs. It is thought that Irving will recover.

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Life Term Men Reform.

Not one per cent. of the life prisoners who have been liberated to New York State ever have committed crime again, Superintendent Collins says in his annual report on the conduct of the State's penal institutions. A record of the life-term convicts from 1870 to 1900 shows that 17 per cent. became insane while in prison.

"Some men of sensitive temperament are crushed and disheartened by the life sentence, and soon die or become insane," says the superintendent. "The tables show that 23 per cent. of the life men at Auburn prison died in the first ten years of their term. Very few life prisoners have any previous criminal record. In a great majority of cases their crimes were committed on sudden impulse caused by a momentary frenzy of passion or the craze of intoxicants. It is evident, therefore, that this class of prisoners on release is not really so great a menace to society as are the petty criminals who receive short sentences and return to criminal practices."

The superintendent is confirmed in his opinion that if the indeterminate sentence is substituted for the life sentence, fewer prisoners will be pardoned, fewer will die, or become insane; each prisoner will have the same opportunity to earn release; more nearly will each prisoner pay the same penalty for the crime, and the ends of justice will be more exactly met. It appears that of 202 life prisoners who were in custody at some time between 1870 and 1900 there were at the close of that period 60 in confinement, but 18 of whom had served 10 years. Less than 12 per cent. of the convicts whose cases had been disposed of served 20 years. Less than 3 per cent. served 25 years, and but 1 served more than 29 years.

The superintendent recommends that the parole law be extended so as to include all criminals sent to State prisons. Satisfactory, in view of the fact that the prisoners eligible for parole are: First, those sentenced for crimes the maximum penalty for which is five years or less, a low order of criminals, in many cases mentally and physically deficient; second, those transferred to the prison or to the reformatory at Elmira, a large percentage of whom are classed as incorrigibles and most unpromising subjects. Prisoners having longer sentences are, as a rule, much more intelligent, better equipped to maintain themselves at liberty, and would more fully appreciate the obligations and privileges of parole, he says.

The tuberculosis work at Clinton Prison started on an experimental way with crude facilities, has developed one of the largest hospitals in the United States devoted exclusively to treatment of consumptives. By the co-operation of Commissioner of Education Draper, a comprehensive system of education for convicts has been established. Four suitable schoolrooms have been provided at each State prison and at the Eastern New York reformatory, with a head teacher for each institution, assisted by a sufficient number of convict teachers.

Overheard in the Bank.

The bank bookkeeper wore a troubled expression.

"What's wrong?" asked the messenger. "Has the cashier skipped?"

"No," sighed the bookkeeper, toying with his pen, "but woman has invaded the sacred precincts behind the wire cage. We now have women tell-ers."

"And how are they making out?"

"O, splendid as tellers. They tell everything they know and lots of things they don't know."—Chicago News.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, widow of the famous Confederate general, who now lives in Charlotte, N. C., was chaffing a lawyer of her acquaintance about the fees demanded by members of his profession.

"Still, there are occasions when a lawyer isn't the chief beneficiary of a suit," said Mrs. Jackson. "I know of one instance. A friend of mine in Virginia sued a railroad company for damages, and secured a verdict for \$60,000, which was paid, and the whole amount is now in bank, subject to her order. Her counsel didn't get a penny of it."

"How was that?"

"She found the only way of outwitting him."

"What did she do?"

"She married the lawyer."—Everybody's.

Willie (looking up from his book)—Say, pa, the word "can" sometimes means "with," doesn't it?

Pa—What nonsense are you talking?

Willie—Well, here's something in this book about "a gallant knight armed cap-a-pie."—Philadelphia Press.

"Officer, what is this man charged with?"

"Carryin' concealed weapons, yer amner."

"Carryin' what?"

"Concealed weapons. He soaked Murphy in the eye wid a chunk av ice."—Cleveland Leader.

"You here, James?" exclaimed the slum-worker, visiting the jail.

"Yes'm," replied the new prisoner, who was in for burglary.

"Well, well, I certainly am surprised."

"So was I, ma'am, or I wouldn't be here."—Stray Stories.

"What would you do if the people of your state were to clamor for your resignation?"

"I'd profit by the hint," answered Senator Sorghum, "and keep a closer eye than ever on the legislature."—Washington Star.

"Ah! your language! Eet see so difficult."

"What is the matter, count?"

"First, zis novel eet say ye man was unhorsed."

"Yes?"

"Zen it say he was cowed."—The Bits.

Mag—Billy, I regrets ter say dat our engagement has got ter be broke off.

Billy—Vot's de trouble now?

Mag—Me nia won't leave me wear yer ring no more now 'cos it makes me finger black.—Lewie's Weekly.

"Poor woman! She works hard all day and then she's up nearly all night with the babies."

"Why doesn't he help her?"

"Oh, he puts in all his time agitating for an eight-hour day for the working man."—Philadelphia Press.

Editor—I cannot tolerate such spelling as this. You have here the word "suburban" spelled "sub-bourban."

Newswriter—Yes; but haven't you noticed the scene of the plot is laid in Kentucky?—Judge.

Expensive Green Turtles.

"The flesh of the green turtle often brings \$50 a pound," says an oyster dealer. "This rich meat comes to us from the coral reefs of the West Indies."

"The turtles are caught in nets among the rocks. They are very carefully brought North. They are deck passengers at first, but as the weather grows cold with the ship's progress they are penned in warm rooms below—regular staterooms."

"It's a different treatment that they get, though, at the natives' hands. If a native is bringing turtles North he nabs them fast to the deck by their flippers. Strange creatures that they are, they appear to suffer little under such cruel treatment."

"The calipps and callpush are respectively the flesh from the breast and the back of the green turtle, tidbits which, I have heard epicureans say, are unequalled in the earth beneath, the heavens above or the waters under the earth. This meat is superlatively rich, delicate and tender."

"Live green turtle fetches, wholesale, from a dime to a quarter a pound. What makes the meat so expensive in the end is that out of a 140-pound fish you'll get only two pounds of calipps and one of callpush."

"Several times when there has been a tight turtle market the chiefs of millionaires and of certain extravagant hotels have offered me \$1 a pound for live turtles. At that rate your calipps and callpush would come to quite \$50 a pound, wouldn't it?"

He led the way to a basement, dark, warm, dry. Here drowsed a number of enormous green turtles, and in several heavy cases lay heaps of what looked like crisp, curly pieces of glue.

"That," said the dealer, "is the finest sun-dried turtle meat."

"Did you ever have accidents in handling big turtles?"

"Not often. Last month, though, a 300-pounder bit my foreman's nose off. The fellow has sued me for damages. He claims the turtles ought to be muzzled. He says elevators and dangerous machines have guards, and the muzzles would be the guards of the turtles. But that is nonsense."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Safest Place.

"I see," said Mrs. Wattleson, "that the chief of police of Boston says the safest place for a woman to carry her money is in a little bag fastened around her neck."

"That isn't half as safe a place as I know of," replied the big, coarse thing whose name she bore.

"Where's that?"

"In her husband's pocket."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"I beg your pardon, waiter," said the tourist in the railway restaurant, "did you say that I had twenty minutes to wait or that it was twenty minutes to eight?" I said neither," answered the Hibernian attendant. "I said yez had twenty minutes to ate, an' that's all ye bad. Yer thraim's gone now."—Cleveland Leader.

"Good morning, Mr. Ausuburne, said the editor, as the poet entered the sanctum. "Some more of your blank verse, I suppose?"

(We use the word "blank" that we may not shock readers by repeating the real expression made use of by the unfeeling editor.)—Kansas City Independent.

"If you want to get fat, why don't you go to the country to live, where the food is more wholesome?" said the city physician.

"I tried that once."

"And didn't it work?"

"No. The food was all right, but I worried myself thin to think I wasn't back in the city."—Detroit Free Press.

"May I ask if I am in the market for a bid for your affections?" asked the youth who did everything in a businesslike way.

"You must go to your father. I can take any stock in your offer," answered the daffy broker's daughter.—Baltimore American.

"Some people are awfully sensitive. The other day I clinched an assertion by saying 'so help me Ralph Waldo Emerson!' and everybody looked shocked."

"No wonder, sir. Here in Boston we consider that the worst form of profanity."—Chicago Tribune.

Bender—So you and your wife have agreed to disagree, eh? What was the trouble?

Rounder—Too much mother-in-law.

Bender—What did she do?

Rounder—Every time I told my wife a fairy story the old lady would get next and put her wise.—Chicago News.

Lenders—See here, Borrowers, don't be ungrateful. I loaned you \$5 a few days ago, remember that, and remember that you still owe it to me.

Borrowers—I assure you, Lenders, I expect to remember that as long as I live.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Tom—What's that? A two dollar bill?

You told me this morning you were broke.

Jack—Well, I want you to understand that Japan isn't the only one that can borrow money.—Somerville Journal.

Newcomer—I am agreeably surprised at the mildness of the climate here. Is this anything like the mean temperature of your winters?

Native—Greetings, no! We generally get that in February.—Chicago Tribune.

"I would like," he said, "to do something to cement our friendship."

"I'm afraid," she replied, "that you never can. You're so stuck on yourself that I don't see where any more cement is to come from."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Miss Autumn—I shall never forget my sensations when I first had a man at my feet.

Miss Spytte—How interesting, my dear Miss Autumn: What was your trouble, comor or butions?—Lippincott's Magazine.

"When you were married, did your wife promise to obey?"

"Well, I should say not," responded the erstwhile citizen. "I can't even get my children to do that."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Seems odd, doesn't it, about so many of these international matches?"

"What's odd about them?"

"That titled marriages should turn out such rank failures."—Baltimore American.

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Dairy Suggestions.

The following dairy suggestions are from an unknown source, but are sound, practical and worthy of remembrance. Do not waste feed on poor cows.

Dirt in the milk means dirt in the butter.

The dairy cow should have pure food and drink.

Cold and sour milk fed to calves will cause indigestion, followed by constipation.

Do not keep calves from gargely cows for the dairy.

The cow should be so trained that any one may milk her.

Dairymaking affords a good market for most of the farm products.

An impatient cow is worthless.

Every dairymaid should have a well filled silo for her winter feed.

The cream should not be subjected to constant jarring or shaking. Cream will yield more butter if it is stirred frequently while ripening.

The carryover improves the cow just as much as it does the louse.

Feeds that are good for the blood are also good for milk production.

No man ever succeeded in kicking and beating a dairy cow into submission.

Carefully take all the buttermilk out of your butter if you expect to keep it.

If the cream is to thick it should be thinned before it is placed in the churn.

The only way to teach a cow gentleness is to be gentle in your treatment of her.

It is of greatest importance to have the dairy house thoroughly ventilated. See to it.

Even in times of depression the dairy business will pay if properly conducted.

Study the demands of the market and the tastes of your customers and endeavor to satisfy both.

You cannot expect to get as good calves from other dairymen or farmers as you can raise yourself.

Familiar.

A large touring automobile containing a man and his wife in a narrow road met a hay wagon fully loaded.

The woman declared that the farmer must back out, but her husband counted that she was unreasonable.

"But you can't back the automobile so far," she said, "and I don't intend to move for anybody. He should have seen us."

The husband pointed out that this was impossible owing to an abrupt turn in the road.

"I don't care," she insisted. "I won't move if we have to stay here all night."

The man in the automobile was starting to argue the matter when the farmer, who had been sitting quietly on the hay, interrupted:

"Never mind, sir," he exclaimed. "I'll try to back out. I've got one just like her at home."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sentiments of the Schoolmaster.

When in doubt, take your wife along.

If a man is not as brave as his convictions, what good are his convictions?

Every German carries a soldier on his back, and every American keeps a politician.

A man with his heels run down feels it in his brains.

Your selfish man is the centre of an admiring crowd—and he's the crowd.

Don't bother with the man who says the world is growing worse. Send for a physician.—By Cresswell MacLaughlin.

"I should like to contribute more than I do to conversation," said young Mr. Muddle.

"Your mere presence contributes something," replied Miss Cuyenne.

"Conversation, you know, is largely made up of polite nothings."—Washington Star.

Miss Speltz—Of course, no one could truthfully speak of her as pretty.

Mr. Goodley—Well, or—perhaps not; but she has such a natural, unaffected manner.

Miss Speltz—Yes, but it has taken her several years to acquire it.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"How is the new memo-y system you are studying?"

"It's like all the rest," said the man who struggles to improve his mind.

"It goes on the theory that it's easier to remember a whole lot of things you are not interested in than one that you are."—Washington Star.

"I have invented a game of cards," announced Nardy, "in which spades are not used. What would you suggest as a good name?"

"Call it 'Panama Canal,'" promptly responded Butts.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"It's true, indeed," remarked Kwofer, "that one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

"Perhaps, but they have their suspicions," replied Knox.—Boston Transcript.

"And now, children," beamed the Sunday school superintendent, "I have time to say one more word to you. What shall it be?"

And the chorus of childish voices cried "Amen!"—Cleveland Leader.

Caddy—I had a beard like yours once, but when I found what it made me look like I cut it off.

Bussy—An' I had a face like yours once, an' when I found I couldn't get it cut off, I grew a beard.—Punch.

"Who gave the bride away?"

"Her little brother. He stood right up in the middle of the ceremony and yelled, 'Hurrah, Fanny! You've got him at last!'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

He—You ought to have something round your throat to protect it from drafts.

She—Yes, a diamond and pearl collar would do nicely.

"He's a hard fellow to get along with."

"Who is?"

"The ossified man."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"He claims to have a clear conscience."

"I guess he has. It isn't noticeable to the casual observer."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Snosher—"What kind of a specialist would you consult for a pain in the back?"

Josh—"A bacteriologist, of course!" Boston Post.

Yeast—Is he behind his tailor?

Crimsonbeak—No. He's three suits ahead, I believe.—Yonkers Statesman.

PEOPLE OF THE DAY

Labor Leader in Britain's Cabinet.

The recent appointment of John Burns of Battersea as president of the local government board in the Campbell-Bannerman cabinet is the first instance of a labor leader in a British cabinet.

The rapid rise of the labor leader from the workshop to the cabinet, with a salary of \$10,000 a year, has been much commented upon, but it is generally agreed that the honor is well deserved. The native ability that brought him out of lowly surroundings has made him far superior to the average commoner.



JOHN BURNS AS A CRICKETER.

of invested wealth. The present parliament has thirty labor members, half a dozen of whom are classed as Socialists and an equal number as Independents, the remainder acting with the Liberals. Practically all these men receive salaries by subscription from their constituents, as members of parliament are unpaid.

Like most Englishmen, titled and otherwise, Mr. Burns is fond of a game of cricket, and when the cares of state permit indulges in the pastime. Mr. Burns is forty-seven years old and has been in parliament since 1892.

Tall Queens and Little Kings.

This is the age of tall queens and small kings. It is a curious fact that in the case of nearly every royal married couple in Europe the wife is considerably taller than her husband.

The czar, who is considerably below the average height of men, is fully a head shorter than his beautiful and majestic czarina.

The kaiser, who is a well known man, is nevertheless overtopped by the German empress.

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy scarcely reaches up to the shoulders of Queen Helena, who is an unusually tall woman, while he is an unusually diminutive man.

King Charles of Portugal is also overtopped by his queen, although he makes up in rotundity of body what he lacks in height.

The king of Spain is below the average height of men, and Princess Marie Antoinette of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who, it is rumored, will be his bride, is a very tall girl and will tower above him.—Forget-Me-Not.

Boston's New Mayor.

John F. Fitzgerald, who has just been chosen mayor of Boston by the regular Democratic organization, has long been a prominent figure in the political life of that city.

The campaign was the most bitter on record in Boston, a large section of

the Democratic party, led by the machine managers, having opposed Fitzgerald for the nomination and either supported him in a lukewarm manner or openly opposed him in the campaign.

The newly elected mayor is forty years old. He has served in the common council and the state senate and was three times representative in congress from the Ninth district. He is now editor and proprietor of a weekly paper, The Republic, published in Boston.

"What would you do, Henry," asked Mrs. Johnston, "if burglars got into the house?"

"Do?" replied her husband. "I suppose I would just do what they told me. I've never had my own way in this house yet."

Cashier (coughing)—Pardon me, I didn't catch your last name.

Ethel (blushing)—I haven't caught it yet myself.—Cleveland Leader.

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The cold, chilling atmosphere which sometimes pervades a reception or other social gathering is often entirely dissipated by the hearty, ringing laughter of some simple, genuine soul who is bubbling over with fun. The stiffness and constraint which a nature before embarrassed the whole company are relieved as if by magic.

There is something in genuine, spontaneous humor which removes all restraint, scatters embarrassment, relieves tension and welds souls together as no introduction or conversation can. It puts the shy at ease, dissipates prejudice, gives confidence to the timid and reassures the shrinking soul. The cheery smile or the spontaneous laugh awakens sympathy and arouses feelings of friendship. It seems to melt all barriers.

Oh, what riches live in a sunny soul! What a blessed heritage is a sunny face, to be able to ding out sunshine wherever one goes, to be able to scatter the shadows and to lighten sorrow laden hearts, to have power to

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In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
care Newport Historical Rooms,
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1906.

NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST

1818

DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES

WITH

NEW JERSEY PATENTS.

By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.

5. Hezekiah Hoxie, b. Apr. 8, 1677; md. June 23, 1702, Dinah Butler, dau. of Daniel and Hannah (Howes) Butler, whose sister Judith Butler md. John Rogers (John (2), John (1)), and had Judith, b. 1702; and Melibeth Butler md. Ebenezer Wing; he was b. about 1647, son of Stephen (Rev. John (2)) Matthew (1), and their dau. Sarah Wing, b. May 4, 1708 md. (1) Mr. Turner, and a widow md. (2) John (3) Rogers (Joseph (2), John (1)) whose first wife was Leah Lincoln of Daniel and Sarah (Nichols) Lincoln.

Children of Hezekiah Hoxie and Dinah (Butler) were: Solomon, b. Apr. 7, 1702; James, b. Aug. 13, 1704; Desire, b. Jan. 5, 1706; Hannah, b. Dec. 2, 1708; Peleg, b. Nov. 17, 1709.

6. Solomon Hoxie, b. Oct. 19, 1679; md. Apr. 24, 1704, Elizabeth Butler, dau. of Batchelder Wing and wife Mary, son of Daniel and Hannah (Swift) Wing, son of Rev. John, Matthew (1), and their dau. Sarah Wing, b. May 4, 1708 md. (1) Mr. Turner, and a widow md. (2) John (3) Rogers (Joseph (2), John (1)) whose first wife was Leah Lincoln of Daniel and Sarah (Nichols) Lincoln.

Children of Hezekiah Hoxie and Dinah (Butler) were: Solomon, b. Apr. 7, 1702; James, b. Aug. 13, 1704; Desire, b. Jan. 5, 1706; Hannah, b. Dec. 2, 1708; Peleg, b. Nov. 17, 1709.

7. Silas d. Apr. 4, 1765, and abed. Sept. 9, 1819. Drummond in his Additions and Corrections of his John Rogers of Mansfield, considers that the mother of Betty Rogers did not marry John (2), (Joseph (2), John (1) Rogers), but md. his cousin John (Timothy, John Rogers) that John (3) Rogers had for a first wife Hannah (Sprague, dau. Hon. Samuel and Sarah (Chillingworth) Sprague). A deed caused Mr. Drummond to thus decide, where she as heir-at-law to Stephen Stockbridge, who died leaving a widow and no children, and his property was divided between the two, Betty Hoxie was aunt to him and thus heir at law, according to a law then existing, if a man died without children, father or mother, brothers or sisters, nieces or nephews, his surviving uncle and aunt inherited his property to the exclusion of children of deceased uncles and aunts.

So as the mother of Stephen Stockbridge, son of Thomas and Hannah (Rogers) Stockbridge, could have only been half sister to Betty Hoxie, and thus Stephen's aunt, so Mr. Drummond changed the record as I give. Thomas Stockbridge (Thomas and Sarah (Reed) Stockbridge) left all his property to his son Stephen, hence, Stephen's possessions, as his brother Thomas died before his father and his sister Hannah died young; Solomon, b. Oct. 10, 1728; Hezekiah, b. June 16, 1730; John, b. May 10, 1732; then their father, Solomon, married fourth Dorothy, widow of Samuel Wing, son of Daniel Wing and Deborah (Dillingham, Hannah), son of Daniel Wing and Hannah (Swift, William) son of Rev. John, son of Matthew Wing. When widow Dorothy Wing married Solomon Hoxie she had six Wing children; Daniel Wing, Samuel Wing who md. Hepzibah Hathaway; Barnabas Wing; Jeremiah Wing; Hannah Wing; Deborah Wing; and by Solomon Hoxie, Dorothy had; Sarah Hoxie b. Dec. 13, 1738.

8. Content Hoxie. The George Allen, brother-in-law of Edmund Lefrere, as so mentioned in will of Edmund, as an executor, had the following children born in Shrewsbury, N. J. as found on Friends records there:

William Allen, b. 9mo; 7; 1704.
Lydia Allen, b. 7; 18; 1708.
Mary Allen, b. 9; 12; 1710.
Daniel Allen, b. 7mo; 4; 1715.
Richard Allen, b. 10; 17; 1717.
Matthew Allen, b. 8mo; 6; 1719; d. 1 mo; 1719.
Joseph Allen, b. 5mo; 10; 1723.
James Allen, b. 12mo; 7; 1725.
Which children are mentioned by their father in his will as follows:

This George Allen, father of these children made his will Jan. 7, 1728, of Shrewsbury; To my loving wife Hannah, I give all my lands, houses, barns, stables, orchards and wood lands that I am possessed with at time of death, during her natural life, and after death to my eldest son William Allen and his heirs forever, and if my personal estate want pay all my debts and legacies then it sold, for and towards payment of same, and from such a sale the money shall be put to interest and that money shall be for the use and maintenance of my wife during her widowhood until such of children as are not come to age, come to age; To my loving wife Hannah I give the sum of 100 pounds, and in case my wife should marry, then 50 pounds; To my eldest son William Allen 100 pounds to be paid by executors one year after my decease; To second son Daniel Allen 100 pounds, at 8 shillings the ounce, when he is 21 years; To my fourth son Matthew Allen 100 pounds when 21 years; To fifth son James Allen 100 pounds when 21 years, and if my lands when sold should not amount as much to pay my five youngest sons 100 pounds each, then there shall be an equal dividing out of each of their legacies, and if neither of my five youngest sons shall die before they arrive to age of 21, then their 100 pounds be equally divided amongst my surviving children; To eldest daughter Lydia two cows to be delivered her the next Spring after my decease; To second

daughter Mary two cows and one bull or heifer with bedding and furniture. I appoint my wife and William Leede of Middleborough my executors. Witnesses Pontius Steele, George Thornborough, Thomas Gleason.

The executor, William Leede, was son of Thomas Leede, as row his will made Nov. 13, 1696, of Shrewsbury, N. J., in which he mentions wife Margaret, sons Daniel Leede and William Leede. Witnesses Jedediah Allen, Thomas Eaton, Thomas Vickers. Proved Nov. 28, 1697 (Liber B. p. 217).

This George Allen was in-law of Nathaniel Cammock who md. Mary West, daughter of Robert and Frances (Hend) West, son of Matthew West, assee Cammock's will above said.

Caleb Allen being son of George (3) Allen, George (2) Allen, George (1) Allen and his second wife Catherine b. 1605 and died 1650, she marrying (2) John Collins, says Austin in "130 Allied Families."

(To be continued.)

TOMBSTONE INSCRIPTIONS.

The Peleg Almy Place, East Main Road, Portsmouth, R. I.

ALMY—In memory of Hannah, wife of Peleg Almy, Esq., who d. Oct. 18, 1858, in her 84th yr.

In memory of Peleg Almy, Esq., who d. A. P. 5, 1853, in the 92d year of his age.

In memory of Leonice R., wife of John Almy, d. Sept. 26, 1853, in her 27th year.

In memory of Mary S., wife of John Almy, d. Mar. 10, 1855, in her 34th yr. Leonice G., dau. of John and Leonice R. Almy, d. Aug. 28, 1849, ag. 1 y. 3m. 17d.

ALMY—In memory of Mary, daughter of Peleg and Hannah Almy, who d. in the 28th yr. of her age.

In memory of Amy, wife of Philip Almy, and dau. of Thomas Brownell, d. 1828.

In memory of Philip Almy, who d. Nov. 21, 1868, ag. 82y. 8m. 15d.

REYNOLDS—In memory of Ann A., dau. of Ira and Hannah Reynolds, and granddaughter of Peleg Almy, d. Dec. 16, 1848, ag. 29.

REYNOLDS—In memory of Mrs. Hannah Reynolds, who departed this life Oct. 25, 1840, in the 52d year of her age, also

Mr. Ira Reynolds, her husband, who died at Natchez, Miss., in Nov. 1828, ag. 39 y.

In memory of Phoebe, dau. of Ira and Hannah Reynolds, who died Oct. 31, 1837, in the 22d yr. of her age.

Old Cemetery, Chase Place, now owned by Henry C. Anthony, near Freeborn St., Portsmouth, R. I.

SARGENT—Mary T. Sargent, ag. 25, d. 1809.

CHASE—In memory of Benjamin Chase, who died Nov. 18, 1820, ag. 72 y.

In memory of Mary, wife of Benjamin Chase, who died Apr. 30, 1805.

In memory of Hannah Chase, dau. of Daniel, d. 1832, ag. 54.

In memory of Content Chase, dau. of Benjamin, d. June 7, 1821, ag. 11 y.

Old Christopher Barker's Place, now owned by H. C. Anthony, Portsmouth, R. I.

ANTHONY—In memory of Seth Anthony, d. Mar. 20, 1853, ag. 87 y.

Abigail A., wife of Seth Anthony, d. Apr. 20, 1817, in the 76th y. of her age.

CORRECTIONS. KNOWLES—Daniel Knowles married May 5, 1721, Hannah, a descendant of Thomas Hazard, not Howard.—C. E. R.

3770. RICHMOND—Amey Richmond was daughter of Adam and Mary Hazard, not Howard. See Hazard Genealogy.—C. E. R.

QUERIES.

5870. KNOWLES—Who were the parents of Henry Knowles, of Portsmouth and Dartmouth, b. 1699, died January, 1670, married —, who died after 1670. Would like maiden name and parentage of his wife, and a list of children, with dates of birth, marriage and death.—A. C.

5880. FIELD—Would like clue to ancestry of John Field, probably of Salem, Mass., and his wife name unknown. He died 1689, she several years after.—R. B.

5881. BURLINGAME—Would like clue to parentage of Roger Burlingame and Mary —, his wife. He was born, probably at Stonington, Conn., died in Rhode Island Sept. 1, 1718.—R. B.

5882. HALL—To what family of Halls does Elizabeth belong, who married, Nov. 28, 1694, George Babcock of South Kingstown or Hopkinton, R. I. She was born 1672, died 1762.—S. W.

5883. CARO—Would be glad for a clue to the parentage of Jane, wife of Joseph Caro, of Newport, R. I. He died after 1708. Would like dates of her birth and death.—J. S. A.

5884. SCOTT—Who was Rebecca, wife of John Scott, of Providence, R. I., who died about 1701. When were they married, and what were the dates of their births?—R. J.

5885. BENNETT—Who were the parents of Amey Bennett, wife of Robert, of Tiverton, R. I., who died about 1746. He was son of Robert and Anne (Cory) Bennett, b. —, died 1748, married when?—C. G. L.

5886. TUCKER—Would like ancestry of Elizabeth Tucker, of North Kingstown, R. I., who married Dec. 18, 1703, Daniel Pearce, who died about 1731.—T. W. A.

5887. SPINK—Who was Abigail, wife of Nicholas Spink, of North Kingstown, R. I., and what were the dates of her birth, marriage and death? He died 1733. Their daughter, Abigail, b. 1704, married Nathan Pearce, son of Daniel and Elizabeth (Tucker) Pearce.—T. W. A.

5888. HUDSON—Who were the parents of Daniel Hudson, of Watertown, Mass., and wife Joanna. When were they married? He died Sept. 11, 1697.—M. H.

5889. BARNES—Would like ancestry of Thomas Barnes and wife Prudence, of Swansea, Mass. He died 1705. Would be glad for other dates.—M. H.

5890. FOWLER—Who was Henry Fowler, of Providence, R. I., and New York State? I have no dates, and no name of wife, but his daughter Re-

Foster's Ideal Crib.

ACCORD PROOF.

Baby can't get out or stick his head through.

No More Bumps for Baby.

He can toss and roll to his heart's content, wake up as early as he likes and you don't have a shiver down your back every few minutes for fear he'll tumble over the sides.

Built High and Close.

He's as snug and safe as can be, and if you can stand his noise you can snore as long as you choose. Fitted with soft elastic woven wire springs, this crib makes the best baby's bed we know of. In best white enamel finish.

SOLE AGENTS.

MAGAZINE PRICE \$10.00

OUR PRICE \$9.50

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

To Furnished Cottage Owners

I am making up my list of furnished cottages for the season of 1906 and would like to include yours, if you have one you wish to rent for the coming season. Drop me a line giving particulars, or if you will notify me will call and see you.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

COR. SPRING AND FRANKLIN STREETS.

became married William Randall, of Providence, R. I. When?—F. D.

ANSWERS.

5874. WILCOX—Edward Wilcox (Daniel, Edward) married Sarah Manchester, of William and Mary (Cook) Manchester. Stephen Wilcox had a deed of fraud from Thomas Hazard, as dower with his daughter Hannah Hazard.—C. E. R.

5877. GARDNER—George Gardiner was the son of Nicholas and Hannah, and grandson of George and Herodias (Long) Gardiner.—C. E. R.

The Life Savers.

To the Men in the Life Saving Service.

BY JOE LINCOLN.

When the Lord breathes his wrath above the bosom of the waters,
When the rollers are a-pounding on the shore,
When the mariner's a-thinking of his wife and sons and daughters,
And the little home he'll, maybe, see no more,
When the bars are white and yeast and the shoals are all a-foaming,
When the wild noisier's outlin' like a kale,
Through the scuttin' roar and screech he's patrolin' on the beach,
The Gov't's hired man for savin' life.

He's strugglin' with the gusts that strike and bruise him like a hammer,
He's fightin' 'sund that sings like swarin' devils,
He's fightin' through the whirlwind and the thunder and the clamor,
A-savin' for the signal from the seas,
He's breakin' ribs and muscles lurchin' life boats in the surges,
He's drippin' wet and chilled in every bone,
He's heavin' men from death back to flesh and blood and breath,
And he never stops to think about his own.

He's pullin' an oar that is freezin' ter his fingers,
He's heavin' in the riggin' of a wreck,
He knows destruction's nearer every minute than his fingers,
But he don't appear ter worry him a speck,
He's draggin' druggled corpses from the clutches of the combers—
The kind of job a common chap 'ould shirk,
But he takes 'em from the wave and he'll be his own for the grave,
And he thinks it's all included in his work.

He's a rigger, rower, swimmer, sailor, undertaker,
And he's good at every one of 'em, the same,
And he risks his life for others in the quicksand and the breaker,
And a thousand wives and mothers bless his name,
He's an angel dressed in oilskins, he's a saint in a "sour" wester,
He's as plucky as they make, or ever can,
He's a hero born and bred, but it hasn't swelled his head,
And he's jist the U. S. Gov't's hired man.

Troops of Arter bandits
London, Feb. 16.—The Tribune's Pekin correspondent telegraphs that Yuan Shi Kai, commander of the Chinese forces, has sent an expedition of over 3000 men, with 24 guns, from Peking to Cheuchau against Chinese bandits.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS
Eight hundred seaman apprentices are expected to arrive at the naval training station at Newport, R. I., within a short time.

Anna A. Liveridge was burned to death at her home in Boston by the explosion of an oil lamp. She was 55 years old.

Mrs. J. A. Smith, wife of the corresponding secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, died suddenly at her home at Boston of heart disease.

William B. Bacon, a prominent merchant in the China trade and agent for the London banking firm of Baring Bros., died at his home at Boston, aged 83.

A new school building at J'atten Me., containing grammar and primary grades, was damaged \$8000 by fire. No one was in the building at the time.

Charles M. Couston, L. L. D., formerly head master of Boston English high school and an instructor in several Massachusetts schools, died at Monmouth, Me., aged 82.

To Treat a Sprain.
The most successful treatment for a sprain is use of hot footbaths for fifteen minutes three times a day. Follow each bath with massage for fifteen minutes, then apply snugly a rubber bandage from toes up to as high as ankle and have patient walk. Ballet dancers use this method with such success that they are seldom incapacitated for work longer than a week.—Medical Record.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, ME. SHERIFF'S OFFICE.
BY VIRTUE of a writ of execution, Number 1236, issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the eighth day of September, A. D. 1905, and returnable to the said Court December 8th, A. D. 1905, upon a Judgment rendered by said Court on the fifth day of September, A. D. 1905, in favor of Edward J. Rogers, of said City of Newport, in said County, against and against Joseph T. Bay, of said City of Newport, of the City of Newport, in said County, I have this day at 11 o'clock, past 2 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, Joseph T. Bay, 2d, owns and out the 10th day of August, A. D. 1905, at 27 minutes past 3 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded North easterly by land now or formerly of Mr. Harris, North westerly by land now or formerly of T. Boyce, South easterly, by the City of Newport, and South westerly by land now or formerly of Eugene O'Connell, or however otherwise bound or described.

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport on the 7th day of March, A. D. 1906, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK L. DEBLOIS,
Deputy Sheriff.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

To JOHN WILLIAMS HEALY and MARY F. HEALY and all other persons interested in the premises.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by said John Williams Healy and Mary F. Healy, in the part of said Mary F. Healy, to Daniel T. Church, dated January 28th, A. D. 1902, and recorded in Tiverton, R. I. Registry of Deeds, book 45, pages 27-28, and duly assigned by said T. Church to said Mary F. Healy, and said Daniel T. Church to Mary P. Church, Mary Ida Church, Calista C. Lawton and Edna G. Church, by assignment dated May 10, 1905, and recorded with said Tiverton, R. I. Registry of Deeds, book 2, pages 188-189, of the Mortgagee Land Evidence, and for breach of the conditions in said mortgage and for the non-payment of said mortgage, to be sold by public auction on the premises, on MONDAY, March 26th, 1906, at 11 o'clock a. m., the premises described in said Mortgage Deed, viz: A certain lot, bounded by said Tiverton, R. I. 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